

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

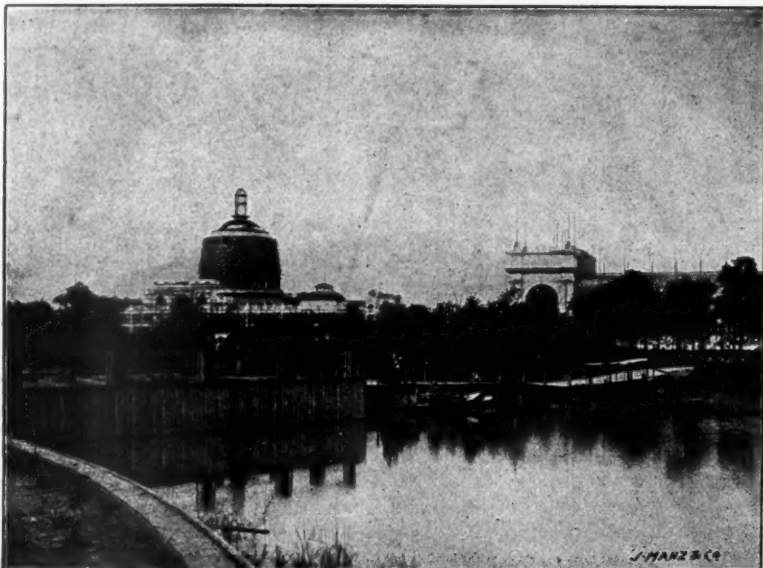
NOVEMBER, 1892.

LANDSCAPE EFFECTS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BY J. P. HOLLAND.

HISTORY, in describing for the benefit of future generations the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893, will present the reader with an array of superlatives that cannot fail to excite his wonder if, indeed, it does not challenge his credulity. History that is not a re-

by any preceding exposition, that its buildings were larger, its scheme of decoration nobler, and its visitors more numerous than those of any of its predecessors—not until they have digested these comparisons will they begin to realize the magnitude of the enterprise



A CORNER OF THE LAKE.

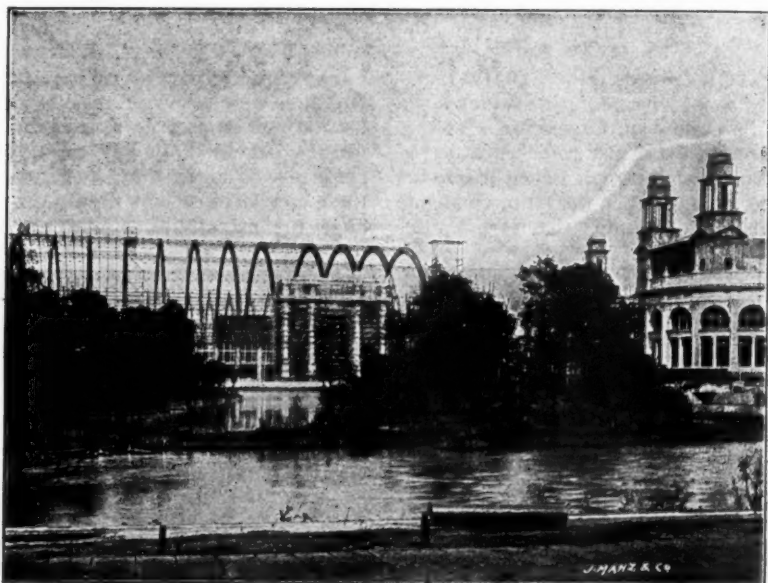
cord of comparisons accomplishes little more than half its object, and in dealing with the World's Fair would miss its point entirely. It will be interesting to future generations to read that preparations for this event were made at an outlay of twenty millions of dollars; but until they have read further and discovered that this amount was double that required

conceived and executed in honor of Columbus's memory. The superlative will be called into requisition no less frequently in describing the artificial aids to natural landscape effects than in detailing the architectural immensities of the Exposition. The latter may be said to have set the pace for the former, and it is the purpose of this article to show—as

well as can be done at the present stage of operation—that the landscape garden, in the midst of which the hundreds of acres of buildings rear their domes and pinnacles skyward, will not suffer from comparison with any other feature of the Exposition.

Few visitors to the World's Fair

upon it, and already one coming into the grounds from that side receives the impression that the builders have finished their work and cleared away the *débris*. The scene is one of enchantment. One might expect to come upon something of the kind when traveling in other lands where romance is a part of the atmosphere,



THE UPPER END OF WOODED ISLAND.

grounds who are competent to judge on this point have failed to admit that Jackson Park on the shore of Lake Michigan affords for such a purpose a site incomparably finer and more readily accessible than exists in the neighborhood of the older cities. To begin with, there is ample area—the first requisite where grandeur is to be the principal effect. Here, on a stretch of sandy beach, a well-kept park ended in an expanse of sandy hillocks interspersed with natural groves of oak and marshy swales suggestive of the labyrinth of lagoons which now wind in and out among the buildings of the Fair. On the north the park, with its artificial lakes, its drives, shaded walks, shrubbery and beds of flowers left little room for or need of landscape gardening. The Fisheries Building abuts

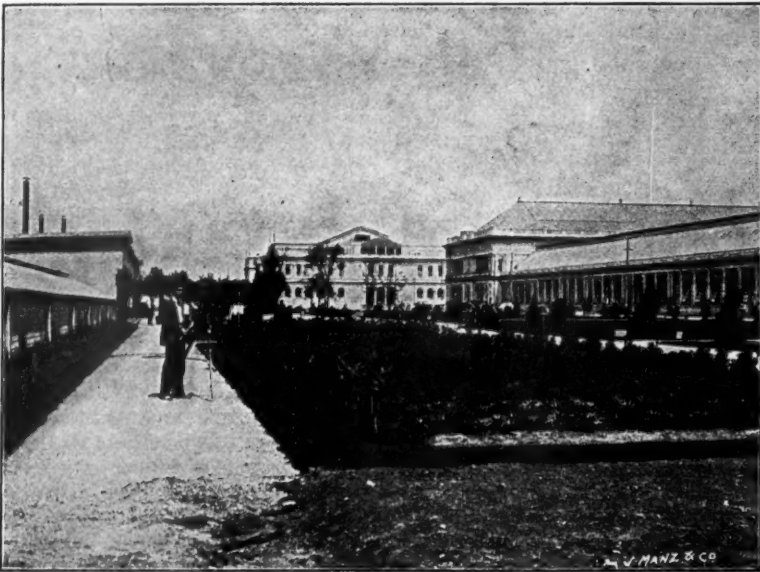
but in Chicago, the most material city of a material country in a material age, one seems to be dreaming. The buildings as they come into view in the openings of dark green foliage are dazzlingly white, and their outlines have the grace and charm of the most beautiful of our “castles built in air.” The green sward of the park ends in the waters of a lagoon, and having arrived at the northern entrance you say to yourself that the approach is worthy of the object.

The “back door” of the Exposition faces the west, and on this side the picturesqueness of the grounds gradually gives place to the more business-like details of transportation buildings, railway terminals, and a network of railway and street-car tracks. The landscape gardening where but for the Fair would now

be a stretch of barren lake shore, is therefore confined to the heart of the Exposition and to an area south of the buildings sufficient to give proper balance to the design as a whole. But there is no lack of room for the exercise of such talents as those possessed by the gardeners of the Landscape and Horticultural Departments. The result of their work, when the Exposition is at its best next summer, will appear in no less than fifty acres of smooth lawns, graceful lines of shrubbery, waving palms and beds of flowers. Within the grounds the lagoons prescribe the arrangement of the gardens. Venice is the comparison at once suggested to most visitors. The buildings are all palaces, and any one of them may be entered from a gondola moored at its lagoon door. The banks of these lagoons,

and flowering shrubs and beds of humbler blossoms that will occupy every nook and angle will add to exterior beauties which those engaged in this part of the work may be pardoned for declaring will surpass any attractions to be found under the roofs.

The gardeners have been quick to take advantage of what some have called the obstinacy of the engineer who constructed the lagoons, Frederick Law Olmsted. Mr. Olmsted insisted that the dirt dredged out of the marshy swales in making the lagoons, and conveyed to a broad patch of high ground near the centre of the Exposition site should be left there, and the whole allowed to remain vacant and unimproved, his theory being that the general effect would be heightened by such a contrast. It has turned out



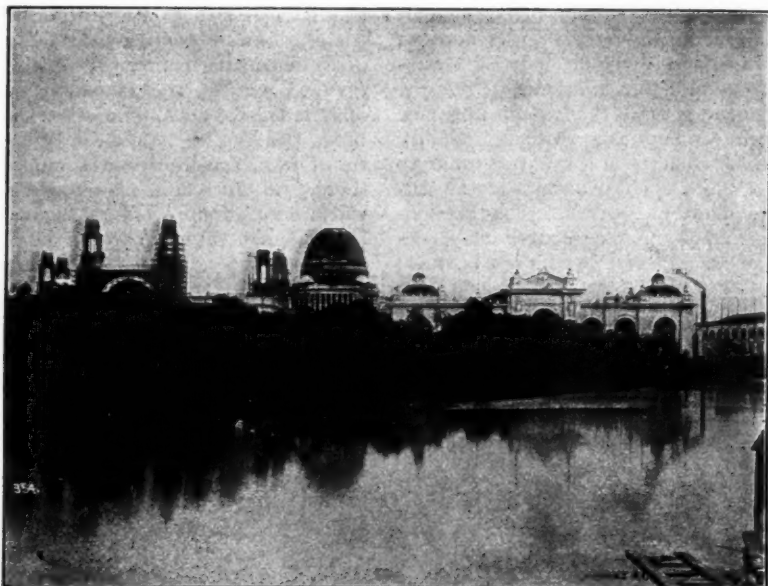
WHERE THE PLANTS ARE BEING CARED FOR.

miles of them, and the acres of unoccupied ground—for there is no crowding here—will bloom under the florist's hand like the gardens of Istamboul. There will be ample expanses of green to rest the eye when it has become surfeited with the glittering white charms of classic domes and colonnades, and the plants

that Mr. Olmsted's judgment was correct. He firmly opposed the many suggestions that the island be utilized for buildings, and so, when the Department of Horticulture took charge of the landscape part of the work, they were delighted to find an island containing over seventeen acres of barren ground, and scrub oak, and

heaps of dirt, dumped there by the dredgers, awaiting transformation at his hands. This patch of ground is known as "Wooded Island." It is irregular in shape, both geographically and topographically. The majestic fronts of Exposition buildings surround it on all sides, and Mr. Olmsted was undoubtedly

you admit that to mingle the view of such architectural triumphs with such untamed natural scenery as this must have been the bold stroke of an artist with authority. Then you go upon the island and are confronted by a scene far more surprising than any thus far experienced. You have come from the



ONE SIDE OF WOODED ISLAND.

right in maintaining that it afforded relief to the eye wearied with a too long contemplation of domes, columns, and vaulted ceilings. But the shore line was too palpably artificial, the scrub oaks, unrelieved by vistas of the smooth sward, were too scrubby, and the lagoon was not inviting to the sight. So Wooded Island was turned over to the Horticultural Department, to be made presentable. Even now, the effect from the encircling lagoon is pleasing, although it presents a striking contrast to the interior of the island. You have caught tantalizing glimpses of the Government building through the willow screen, while the minarets of the home of the Fisheries Exhibit have gleamed occasionally through the green curtain, and

height of civilization, expecting to find surroundings familiar to our aboriginal predecessors, and what you do find back of the screen of wild shrubs and plants is seventeen acres of rolling lawns, winding paths, and beds of flowers, among which children are frolicking unawed by the gigantic enterprise whose evidences are concealed by the same curtain of green which lately concealed this scene of almost rural simplicity from view. This is the work of the Horticultural Department, but it has had a perpetual fight with people who wanted the island for buildings. They dispersed them all but the Japanese Commissioners. They were enraptured with the willows, and were so persistent that the directors finally allotted to them a site for a Japanese garden

at the north end of the island. When the contemplated improvements are completed, Wooded Island will be one of the prettiest spots in Jackson Park, and an attraction to every one visiting the Fair.

Florists in all parts of the country are contributing generously toward the work of beautifying the Exposition grounds. There is hardly a conservatory in the United States that is not open to the Department, who may enter and take whatever strikes their fancy. The value of this work to the city, irrespective of its relation to the Exposition, is very great.

When the Fair is over Chicago will be able to make a better showing of flowers in her parks than any other city in America. Nearly all the flowers used here will remain the property of the Ex-

such effects take more time for their preparation and are more characteristic of foreign methods than of our own. The work will be confined within lines where we are supreme. Upon Wooded Island there is to be a rose garden with about fifty thousand plants in bloom, and the margin of the island, down to the water's edge, will be devoted to native plants. In one corner of the island there will be a garden of old-fashioned flowers—the varieties that are to be found in almost every farm and village door-yard. Interesting experiments will be conducted with tuberous begonias, of which there will be a hundred thousand. The florists of foreign countries have been liberal in supplying varieties not to be obtained here. Tu-



A PART OF MR. CHILDS' CONTRIBUTION.

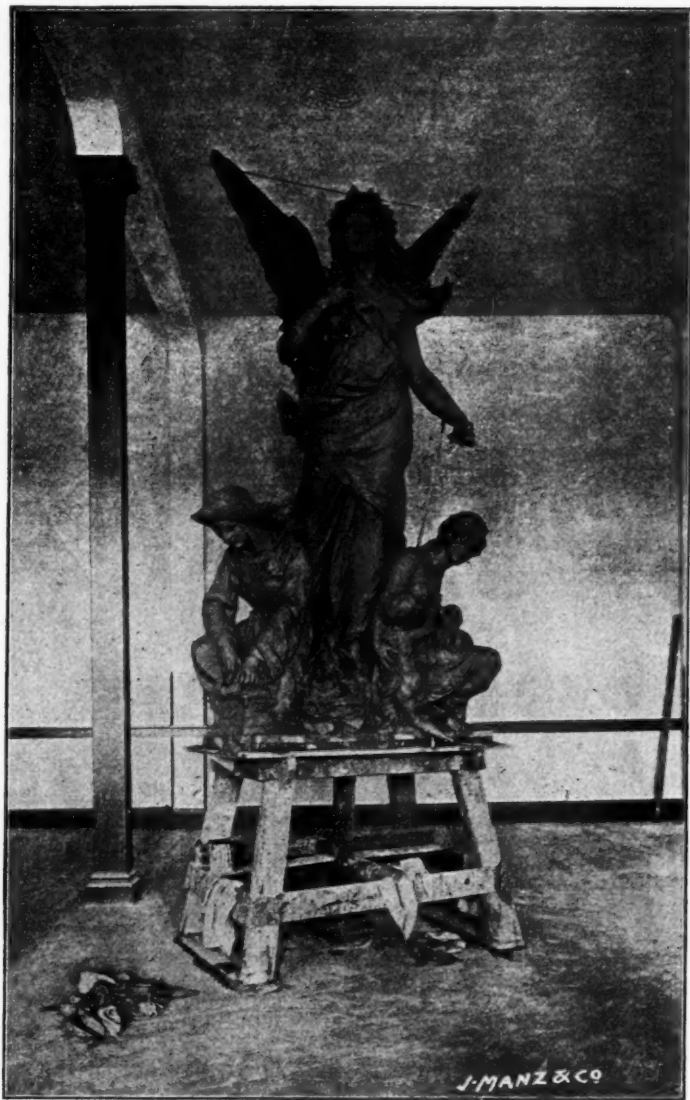
position Company or the city of Chicago. Chicago will thus come into possession of plants and flowers that could not have been secured for anything less than a World's Fair.

There will be no attempt at spectacular effects in the landscape embellishments of the Exposition for the reason that

lips, lilies, standard roses, hyacinths, narcissus, lilies of the valley, azaleas, and rhododendrons have been promised from many of the finest gardens in Europe. From England, Belgium, and France will come the rarest plants in the world, and also the latest hybrids, besides some grown at Short Hills, N. J. A new dwarf

form of canna, in which there is now great interest manifested, will be a feature of the display.

phians. George W. Childs has contributed two sago palms, the finest in America, and has promised to send two



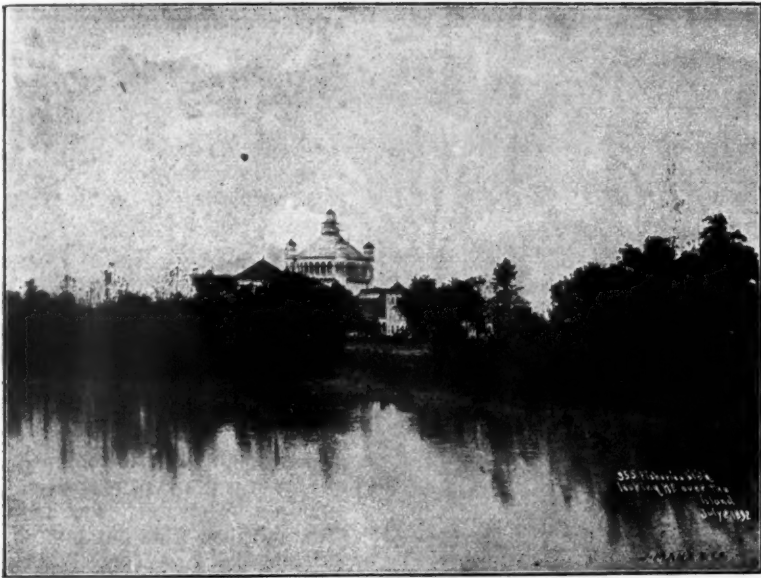
A GROUP FOR HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.

The exhibit in the Exposition gardens of palms and tree ferns will excel any ever made in this country. Many specimens have been donated by Philadel-

bourbon palms, each twenty feet high. Mr. Childs has also ordered his gardeners to grow a carload of caladiums, which will arrive on the grounds on the Fourth

of July. Mr. Drexel, the Philadelphia banker, has sent some rare palms, one, the Pritchardi grand, being the only specimen of its kind in America. It was brought from the South Sea Islands years ago. John Wanamaker has opened his conservatory to the Exposition gardeners, and the trustees of Girard College have made valuable donations. Not long ago the Department sent to Cleveland, and from Gordon Park brought back several stately palms on a pontoon train built expressly for the trip. Among the varieties were the

an interesting illustration of the plant life of all altitudes. An immense iron framework has been erected and is the skeleton of what will represent a mountain whose base is washed by the sea. To the sides of this will cling all varieties of plants, from sea moss to the little flower that blooms in the snow at the mountain top. But the out-door gardens will have the greatest hold on the public. The popular route to the Exposition will be by boat on the lake, and these boats will land at the front door of the Fair. For half an hour



FISHERIES BUILDING, LOOKING OVER THE ISLAND.

Phoenix Spinosa, a pair of areca banrei, and a fine specimen of the seaforthia. From the Ponce de Leon Hotel, H. M. Flagler has sent a large number of Spanish bayonet plants, the peculiarity of which consists in an immense nodding white plume. Many carloads of plants are yet to arrive. These with those now growing on the grounds will give an abundant supply.

Many of the hardier of these plants will be arranged about the grounds and enter into the scheme of landscape decoration. Within the Horticultural Building beneath the big dome there will be

before the pier is reached the white domes and minarets and the glistening columns of the classic perystile will be seen mingled with the luxuriant green of the gardens. The buildings, every one of them architectural triumphs, are the jewels of the Fair; the gardens are the setting. Without the soothing green of the gardens the buildings would dazzle the beholder and lose half their grace. Both the architect and the gardener have triumphed, and their greatest triumph is that their works blend into a perfect and harmonious whole.

FLOWERS: IN-DOORS AND OUT.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

CARNATIONS.

THE Carnation is, and has long been, a favorite flower. It possesses beauty in a superlative degree, and few

flowers are more delightfully fragrant. It blooms during the winter, and under circumstances unfavorable to the culture of most other flowers. Given a good soil—one of one part loam, and part leaf mold and sand, and one part old and thoroughly rotted manure—it will thrive in the sit-



CARNATIONS.

ting-room window or the kitchen, *provided* it is not kept too warm. More failures originate from too much warmth than from anything else. It should be kept comparatively *cool*. Fifty-five to sixty degrees are about right. Shower the plants all over daily to keep down red spider. Fumigate often to keep the aphids from injuring the plants. Give all the sunshine possible. Do not give too large pots. Six-inch ones are quite large enough for plants of ordinary size. The Carnation comes in all shades of red, pink, yellow, and white, and many varieties are almost as beautiful as the Rose, which it nearly rivals in popularity. No flower is more suitable for use in the button-hole, as it lasts a long time.

ABOUT ORCHIDS.

There are two species of epiphytal Orchids native of Florida which should be included in the

list of desirable sorts for amateurs, for they are not only beautiful but much more easily and successfully grown than any of those named, and are particularly desirable for growing in living rooms. Both species grow on the trunks and branches of trees, their roots cling to the bark, where at some seasons of the year they are exposed to the glaring sun for weeks at a time, at others to drenching rains, and both occur in localities where heavy frosts are not infrequent in the winter months, so they are well fitted to withstand the varying temperature of the ordinary living room.

Both can be grown in pots of peat, moss, and charcoal (or broken brick or pottery), or on blocks of bark or wood, which is more natural. The plants should be wired on to the blocks and frequently dipped into water, and during the growing period occasionally left floating in the water for half an hour or more. *Epidendrum venosum*, popularly called Butterfly Orchid, is the most beautiful and desirable of the two. It is immensely superior in beauty to many a five-dollar species from the antipodes. The plant is composed of a mass of green pseudo-bulbs and stiff, thick, waxy leaves. In summer it produces long spikes of showy flowers an inch or more in diameter, of beautiful shades of pink and greenish chocolate color, changing with age to rich yellow and chocolate.

The other species is *Epidendrum conopseum*, which is very pretty and interesting. Instead of pseudo-bulbs it has a creeping rhizoma, and both leaves and flowers are smaller than those of the other species. The flowers are greenish-purple, and produced in profusion a good-sized clump in full bloom presenting a beautiful appearance. This species is occasionally found in its wild state as far north as South Carolina, which is proof of its extreme hardiness as an Orchid.

A good clump of both sorts will not cost over fifty or seventy-five cents, so they are within the reach of the humblest cultivator of flowers.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING JESSAMINE.

This shrubby green-house plant is not as widely grown as it should be. It is of the easiest culture. Give it a soil of loam, made rich with old manure, plenty of water, and a sunny window, and it will soon become a large plant. A good-sized pot must be provided for its roots. Its leaves are oval, slightly pointed at the end, and a bright green. The flowers are a greenish-white, tubular in shape, and produced in terminal clusters. They are very sweet during the evening, but not at all so by day, as they are not then



CESTRUM PARQUI, THE NIGHT-BLOOMING JESSAMINE.

open. Their fragrance belongs to the rich, heavy odor peculiar to the Tuberose and other Southern plants. Many persons are frequently made sick by its heavy, overpowering odor in close rooms. *Cestrum amanticum* is a variety similar in habit of growth, but a day-bloomer. It bears clusters of orange-flowers, and does not have that fragrance which characterizes *C. parqui*—the night-blooming variety. As a pot-plant, for ordinary window culture, it is excellent, being easily grown and a free bloomer. Culture same as for the night-blooming variety.

THE SHADY SIDE.

There are no more elegant flowers grown than the Funkias or day lilies; yet they thrive and bloom best on the shady sides of buildings, or even under trees

I have only personal knowledge of the white variety; and that would be beautiful as a foliage plant if it never bloomed.

The large, heart-shaped leaves are a lovely shade of light yellow, green veined

longitudinally to their tips; which hang gracefully downward to the ground.

They increase so rapidly in rich soil and with good care that one root will in a couple of years be a solid mass of fleshy tubers that can be separated only with an axe, and the abundance of ornamental leaves constantly unrolling from spring till frost are usually fresh and green in the driest weather.

They are hardy in the open ground if planted deep, and well protected on approach of winter with manure and leaves as far north as Northeastern Maine; do well when planted in large boxes or tubs wintered in the cellar; and will bear, uncomplainingly, a good deal of drought and hardship, though they appreciate the good things of plant life like all flowers.

The last of August or first of September the flower stalks rise up well above the foliage, enfolding in their green from

where so few plants will flourish; requiring only plenty of light, air, and rich soil.

Hot direct sunshine is sure to blister and yellow the leaves badly, and they will never do themselves justice in it.

twelve to twenty-four buds.

When they push themselves out of their scales each bud is milk white and perfect as any flower; and when the frail, trumpet-shaped lilies open, exhaling from



A GROUP OF FUNKIAS.

their depths such exquisite perfume, no flower can exceed them in purity and sweetness.

One or two lilies open each day on a stalk and close the next; but this evanescence of blooming is hardly noticed, for the buds above them and closed flower are both pearly white, and lilies are opening every day for weeks.

The other varieties, reported to be just as fine by those who have grown them, are the variegated leaved; the leaves being mostly white; bearing light blue blossoms in May; two varieties with dark and light blue flowers; and the narrow-leaved *Flava*, bearing exquisitely fragrant yellow lilies all summer.

A nicely-arranged bed of these lilies would be attractive in foliage, blossom, and fragrance from spring till autumn without admixture of any other varieties.

But if Lilies of the Valley, Crocus, and other small, spring-flowering bulbs, with a border of blue and white Violets were planted among them, the shady side of the garden would be the fairest side from frost to frost.

Aconite or monkhood are hardy perennials that bloom nicely the second year from seed, growing larger and finer with age.

The foliage is finely shaped and dark glossy green, and the curious indigo-blue flowers are shaped so much like a hood that it requires but little imagination to see a face peering out from it.

The plant is poisonous, the drug called aconite being prepared from it; but that has never prevented its being grown as a garden flower, as it is harmless unless eaten.

Oleanders, Hydrangeas, and Fuchsias thrive and bloom best under the same conditions needed by day-lilies.

All are elegant summer bloomers, and their rich colors among the delicate shades of the lilies would be an artistic touch and show them to greater advantage. Grown in large boxes or pails of rich soil, and properly formed these half-hardy shrubs become beautiful specimen plants in a few years—amply repaying the good care with magnificent bloom during the summer months.

They must be carried before hard frosts to some frost-proof place, wintering well in ordinary cellars, where the



TUBEROSE.

earth about them should be kept just damp enough to prevent shriveling of the plant.

In March or April in the North remove to some light frost-proof shed, and water gradually till new growth begins, then remove most of the old soil, and top-dress with new earth, with plenty of well-rotted manure, leaves, sods, or any fertilizer, water well, and when it is time in early June to put them into their summer quarters they will usually be already to burst into magnificent bloom.

Oleanders and Hydrangeas bloom on the last year's wood, and *should not* be pruned till they are done blooming, then if the old shoots are cut well back they will break into bushy growth for next year's bloom, while the other shoots will continue to bloom if the plants have plenty of water and a weekly taste of liquid manure.

Fuchsias need to be pruned back sharply early every spring, for they bloom best on new wood; the main stalks will be as woody as an oak in a couple of years, but they will break out all their length when cut back, and with the treatment recommended for Oleanders and Hydrangeas will astonish their owner with their vigorous bushy shoots and grand flowers.

Treated in this way these shrubs will grow to the size of small trees, and not have the roots outgrow an ordinary water-pail, growing finer, too, every year if they have proper care at the proper time.

Summer blooming Amaryllis need shade to have perfect foliage and blossoms. But probably they will never be extensively cultivated, as most varieties, with the exceptions of *Formosissima* and *Cooperia* are quite costly.

The foliage of *Coleus* color well even under trees when in the open air. The prettiest mass of them I ever saw I once had under two maples whose foliage was so dense that direct sun never reached

the plants, though they were so tall that plenty of light and air did. The hardy perennial *Digitalis* and the tender *Begonias* and Spider Lilies are also reported to do well in shady spots, but I have only introduced you to those I know will succeed there in the North.

THE TUBEROSE.

The Tuberose would be one of our most popular flowers if it were a trifle earlier in blooming, but, as it is, plants seldom complete flowering before frost comes along, if they are planted in the open ground, consequently they are not always—indeed, not often—satisfactory at the North. In order to succeed with them, the bulbs must be potted in March, in a warm, light, sandy soil, and kept in a warm place until well rooted. They must not be turned out of their pots, and put into the open ground before June. All danger from frost must be past, as the slightest freezing will ruin the plants. They should be given a warm location, where sunshine can help to force the plants along. If started in March, and kept growing well during the season, it is easy to bring them into bloom in September, and thus escape frost. If the flower-stalk is well developed, the plants can be lifted and put in six or seven-inch pots, where they will bloom well if kept shaded for a few days after lifting.

Few flowers are sweeter than the Tuberose. To many, its heavy odor is overpowering. One stalk in bloom will fill a large room with fragrance. For cut-flower work it is exceedingly useful, as it lasts for days after cutting. The bulbs are worthless, after having once bloomed, except for purposes of propagation. The young bulbs or offsets will, if grown in a good, rich soil for three years, become large enough to bloom. In winter, they should be kept in a warm, moderately dry room.

COME, gentle Sleep! attend thy votary's prayer,
And, though Death's image, to my couch repair;
How sweet, though lifeless, yet with life to lie,
And, without dying, oh! how sweet to die.

—(Dr. John) Wolcott—*Epigram on Sleep.*

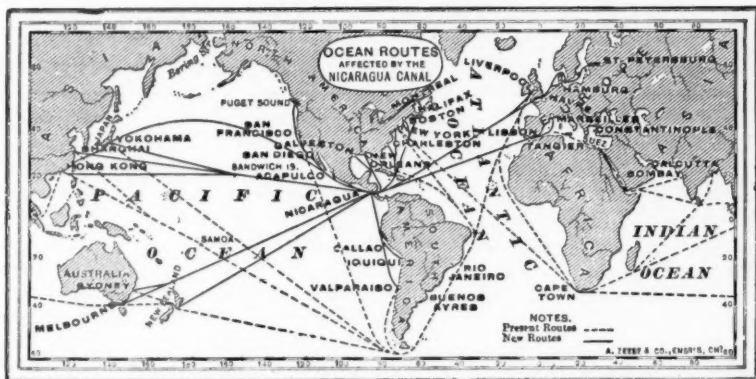
THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

BY JOSEPH P. REED.

GENERAL U. S. GRANT, in 1881 said: "In accordance with the early and latter policy of the Government, in obedience to the often-expressed will of the American people, with due regard to our national dignity and power, with a watchful care for the safety and prosperity of our interests and industries of this continent, and with a determination to guard against even the first approach of rival powers, whether friendly or hostile, on these shores, I commend an American Canal, on American soil, to the American people, and congratulate

to permit an enterprise of such magnitude and of such far-reaching advantages to every interest of this country to pass into the hands and under the control of any foreign country.

It behooves us, therefore, as a nation conscious of the power we wield, and of the greater influence we may exert upon the destinies of this continent, to perform the duties without delay which we deny others the privilege to assume, and to adopt now the best means of securing the early completion of this work, whose advantages we are willing to share with



myself on the fact that the most careful examinations have demonstrated that the route standing in this attitude before the world is the Nicaragua Canal, which commends itself as a judicious, economical, and prosperous work."

It is no longer a question as to whether the canal will be built or not, the only question is, who shall build it, and who shall control it when built? European syndicates, we are reliably informed, have already made overtures to the Canal Company, but we believe the United States cannot afford by carelessness, hesitation, or neglect at this opportune time

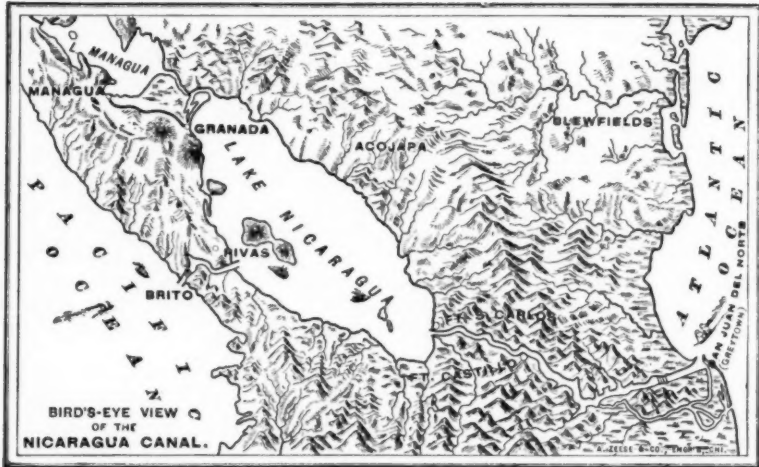
the world at large, but whose control should never be allowed to pass out of our hands.

Since 1849 the need of a water route joining the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans has been one of direct importance to the American people, and the thorough work of exploration and investigation pursued almost uninterruptedly since that date has been mainly accomplished by or under the auspices of our Army and Navy engineers, acting in obedience to orders of the Government and at the Government's expense. Every locality from Tehautepec to Darien which might

afford claims for consideration has been thoroughly examined in these explorations. It is a significant fact that the engineers of our Government from first to last have expressed a decided preference for the Nicaragua route, and that none of

the project unembarrassed by any engineering difficulty.

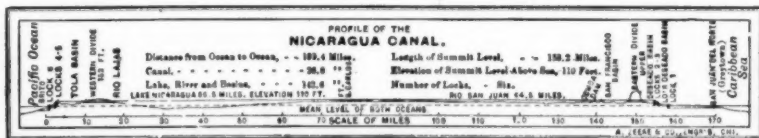
Lake Nicaragua itself is one of the most remarkable physical features of the world. It fills a cavity in the midst of a broken chain of mountains, whose height



them have ever expressed any doubt regarding its entire feasibility. The solution of the problem of inter-oceanic communication by this route has moved more rapidly and more surely on its way as a full and intimate knowledge of its characteristics has been obtained, and it now commands public attention as never before, with absolute assurance of ultimate success.

The physical features of the lake and river route by Nicaragua have been care-

fully reduced at this point nearly to the level of the sea, and it furnishes not only the means of navigation as a portion of the canal route, but enormous advantages as a safe harbor, sufficient in capacity for the navies and shipping of the whole world, and inexhaustible supplies of water for lockage. It is 110 miles long, 60 miles wide, and 250 feet deep in its deepest parts. It is a great reservoir which receives and distributes over its wide surface the waters which flow down from



fully and minutely surveyed and studied in all their relations, and have been made the subject of plans thoroughly elaborated in all details. Every doubtful and difficult feature has been closely scrutinized, and competent engineers now pronounce

the mountains and thus prevents sudden floods which otherwise would endanger the canal. Out of this lake flows the San Juan River, ranging in depth from 10 to 100 feet, and emptying into the Atlantic Ocean at Greytown

The entire length of the Nicaragua Canal, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, is $169\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Of this distance only $26\frac{3}{4}$ miles will have to be excavated; the remaining $142\frac{3}{4}$ miles are in the lake, rivers, and basins, which will be made a part of the course by the construction of the necessary dams and locks.

The summit is Lake Nicaragua, 110 feet above the level of the sea. There will be three locks near either end, and the level of the lake will be extended some 64 miles down the river, by the construction of a dam across the San Juan River at Ochoa, which will raise the level of the water in that river to a depth of from 30 to 40 feet. Thus vessels leaving the Atlantic Ocean and entering the canal will sail on a level with the ocean a distance of $12\frac{3}{4}$ miles, where they will be raised by three locks to the level of the lake; thence along the San Juan River and Lake Nicaragua to the locks within $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles of the Pacific seashore, where they will be lowered by three locks to the level of the ocean.

A minimum depth of 30 feet will make the canal navigable for the largest vessels afloat.

Lake Nicaragua and the San Juan River, which for small steamboats are navigable to-day, form a natural pathway,

and there remains but little work for man to complete nature's highway. There will also be a special advantage to shipmasters of iron vessels in passing through this fresh-water canal and lake. The marine growth upon the hulls of iron vessels in tropical waters is so great as to materially retard their speed, and so rapid as to necessitate their "docking" at least three times a year. The passing from salt water to fresh will destroy this animal and vegetable life.

The cost of the undertaking has been the subject of most careful computation by the chief engineer of the company now prosecuting the work. This estimate has been revised by a committee of distinguished consulting engineers, and the cost, including payment of interest during the progress of the work, has been placed at \$100,000,000, and the time required for completion is within five years.

The estimated revenue, at a minimum charge or toll of only \$2.00 per ton on freight alone, would in a few years pay nearly 15 per cent. on the total investment, and keep the canal in perfect repair, so there can be no danger of the Government having to pay the interest on the bonds if it guaranteed them, but even if it did, it would still be a splendid investment for the country.

DISCOVERERS.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

BRAVE souls undaunted fare afar,
 The light of Hope their guiding star:
 A dream divine haunts soul and sense,
 It bids them voyage o'er seas immense;
 Go how they may, with whom they will,
 In sun or shade, thro' good and ill;
 Bear scorn of time and scoff of men,
 Be lashed with tongue and curst of pen;
 Win worlds of precious power and scope,
 Their sole reward the bliss of Hope!

THE AMEER'S MESSAGE.

BY ALFRED C. LYALL.

I.

ABDURRAHMAN, the Duráni Khán, to the Ghilzaie chief wrote he:
"God has made me Ameer of the Affgháns, but thou on thy hills art free.
I rule by the sword and signet; I care not to flatter or bribe;
I take nor fee nor service of the noble Ghilzaie tribe;
Nor pledge nor promise I ask of thee; I pardon, if all men know
That thy heart has been hard against me, and thy friend has been my foe.
For the sons of Sher Ali are exiles, their best men broken or fled;
And those who escaped are homeless, and all who remained are dead.
Such is the work of the Merciful, whose will is to smite or to save;
It is He gives wealth and vengeance, or tears o'er a bloodstained grave.
Now, while the swords are a moment still, ere ever fresh blood shall run,
I look for a wise man's counsel, and I would that Affgháns were one.
From Merv, last home of the free-lance, the clansmen are scattering far,
And the Turkmán horses are harnessed to the guns of the Russian czar.
So choose thou of all my liegemen, or choose thou of all my host,
One true man, loyal-hearted, whomever thou trustest most,
Whom thy tribe has known and honored, to bring thee in safety and peace;
Thou shalt ride unscathed to Kabul, and the feud of our lives shall cease."

II.

The Ghilzaie chief wrote answer: "Our paths are narrow and steep,
The sun burns fierce in the valleys, and the snow-fed streams run deep;
The fords of the Kabul river are watched by the Afridee;
We harried his folk last spring-tide, and he keeps good memory.
High stands thy Kabul citadel, where many have room and rest;
The Ameers give welcome entry, but they speed not a parting guest;
So a stranger needs safe escort, and the oath of a valiant friend.
Whom shall I choose of those I know? whom ask the Ameer to send?
Wilt thou send the Vazir, Noor Ahmed, the man whom the Ghilzaies trust?
He has long lain lost in a dungeon, his true, bold heart is dust.
Wilt thou send the Jamsheedee Aga, who was called from the western plain?
He left the black tents of his horsemen, and he led them never again.
Shall I ask for the Moollah, in Ghuzni, to whom all Affgháns rise?
He was bid last year to thy banqueting—his soul is in Paradise.
Where is the chief Faizullah, to pledge me the word of his clan?
He is far from his pine-clad highlands, and the vineyards of Kohistán;
He is gone with the rest—all vanished; he passed through thy citadel gate.
Will they come now, these I have chosen? I watch for their faces, and wait;
For the night-shade falls over Kabul, and dark is the downward track,
And the guardian hills ring an echo of voices that warn me back;
Let the Ghilzaie bide on his mountain, and depart, as thy message has said,
When but one sure friend the Ameer shall send—when the tombs give up their
dead."

THE SIN IN MISS ANNE WEBSTER'S BONNET.

BY EVA SPOTTISWOOD LEMOINE.

ON the hair-cloth sofa in the parlor sat a visitor with her hands folded in her lap. This was Miss Webster's niece "come up from the city" to spend a few days in the only home she had known before her marriage. A large woman, whose every expression seemed swallowed up in the prevailing one of good nature, she emphasized the nervous manner of the small, slightly withered old lady who tripped, hospitably, in and out of parlor and dining-room, pulling down blinds to shut out the sun and closing doors to exclude draughts, while, all the time, her guest sat on the hair-cloth sofa with her hands folded in her lap.

At last all the news, both of the town and of Little Carthage was exhausted, and in the serene silence that followed Miss Anne found herself obliged to approach a new subject, which she did with a curious hesitancy:

"I suppose, Nelly, 't you got my letter, three weeks back, thanking you for my new bonnet? I don't see what could ha' put it in your head to send me such a beautiful present, and I haven't ever felt as if I'd thanked you for it as I ought—seems as if you can't on paper. I don't think there's been such a bonnet seen in our church for years, not that I can remember."

"I was wanting to ask about it, aunt," slowly responded Nelly. "It's nothing, I'm sure, but so long as you're pleased, I am. Do go on up to your bed-room and get it on, I want to see you in it. You see, the minute I saw that bonnet, I knew how those soft plumes would suit your face, and the little roses up the back were cunning, but what I thought most of, I knew just about how that bonnet would strike Little Carthage for style—I wasn't raised here for nothing, you see. Go on up, aunt, do, I want to see it on."

Little Miss Anne Webster fluttered to and fro near the door during her niece's

speech as though she would fain flutter quite through it, but now she came back to the rocker placed directly in front of the hair-cloth sofa, and, dropping into it with a little desperate thud, began to work off her nervousness through the rockers.

"There, Nelly, don't say another word till I've talked"—and Miss Anne began to plait up the fringe of the best table-cover—"you see, I knew, the minute you came in at that door that you'd got to see that bonnet, and if I put off showing it, still, come Sunday, you'd have to see it, an' all, and so I'd a deal rather you'd know 'bout it now. Nelly, when I've told you, you mustn't think there's any lack of appreciation of *you*, whatever you think." Miss Anne broke off to peer anxiously up into the face of Nelly who wonderingly unfolded her hands and helplessly folded them together again, and opened her mouth to speak, but her aunt could not wait for her, and began again:

"It does seem as if I'd had to go back to the very Saturday when old Cap'n Wheeler brought me that express box, and it was certainly the last thing I was expecting. And when I got it open, and the tissue-paper all off, I *was* astonished. It did seem as if I never should know myself in that bonnet, and there wasn't a soul in the house to show it to, Hilda being gone to her mother's for the night. I brought it in here and lit all the candles in the old candelabra on the mantel so I might have one good look in the glass, and I *will* say it was the most distinguished-looking bonnet, and the most suited to my style, I'd ever seen. And first, I thought it was a mighty good thing it came when it did, as the next day was the Sabbath, and then, I didn't know, either. You see, it was a time of interest in our church. There was a big evangelist making the tour of the State,

and our pastor had secured him. We had notices up in all the stores, 'meetings every night' and 'every afternoon,' and pretty much everybody from all the other churches was coming. Only last Sabbath our Mr. Goodell had said it was a solemn time, and he hoped nobody would do anything to disturb the impression, and I knew right off't he meant Mrs. Watson, for she had been round asking half the town to her house because her May Alice was coming home from boarding-school.

"Well, I was thinking of that as I turned my new bonnet round on my hand and trying to make it seem right to wear it, and all the time I was going round blowing out those candles, 'cause there wasn't any use in wasting them; and it was a lucky thing I did it just then for who do you think walked in off the porch but your Cousin Sarah Bates! It was dark in the parlor and I just dropped the bonnet back in its box and ran over to the sitting-room to her."

Miss Anne glanced round her as if the guilty feeling of that night had fastened itself upon her: Nelly unfolded her hands and clasped them in her lap again with an air of interest and Miss Anne went on:

"You know Sarah. When she's just come in, she doesn't notice anything but just drops down in the first rocker and begins to talk, so I was some surprised when she came over and kissed me and said 'I've some news that'll please you, I guess, Cousin Anne.'"

"It didn't take much asking to make her tell me, for she'd just come for that. She was going to join the Church, she said, next Sunday but one, when they took in the new converts. She that was the only one of the family that wasn't religious—you couldn't get her to be—and always went over to Gorham Corners to stay with her sister Mattie—that married an Arlington, you know—when ever we had a revival. Well, I own 't I was surprised, but I'm pretty quick, and I didn't show it. I went over to her and kissed her and I said—'Sarah you know it's what the family's been praying for for years steady, and I'm bound to

confess that I didn't ever expect to see it, but it just shows what faith will do.' Sarah was right pleased and said 'I knew you'd be surprised, Anne.'"

"Then I asked her to sit down in the Windsor rocker and tell me all about it, and I said I supposed this was the work of the new evangelist, but Sarah drew up her head and said she 'guessed not,' she 'guessed there didn't any of our family need any minister but old Mr. Goodell that came here to fill our pulpit when old Grandfather Webster died.' She said that what made the difference to her was Susan James's joining."

"'You see, Anne,' said she, 'Susan 'n' I had always done everything together since we could remember. Same class at school, you know, and married twin brothers and they both dying of consumption that same year—and all—and I wasn't going to have any difference now, and I'm very happy, just as Susan is.' (An actual quotation.)"

"She got up to go, for she regularly had on her bonnet and was going round telling the family. Out in the porch she stopped a minute and said, 'I'll be bound 'at there'll be a considerable number that'll be surprised when my name is read out next Sunday week,' and I answered, 'I guess Mr. Goodell 'll be a good deal encouraged, Sarah,' and she turned round at the gate and said, 'I'll make him understand that it isn't that evangelist.'"

"Well I went back into the house thinking about Sarah, so 't I fairly forgot my bonnet for awhile, and when I did remember it, I made up my mind that, under the circumstances and it being in the family and all, that I'd just better let it wait till after the especial season was over. So I went into the parlor to get it and put it away, and I'll have to own up to lighting one or two of those candles again, for I'd seen the first thing that my hair wasn't just right for it—it looked best fixed high the way you do yours. I hadn't ever liked a bonnet so well: there hadn't been any in Little Carthage trimmed up the back instead of the front, that way. I knew that just as sure as fate it would take some minds off

Mr. Goodell's evangelist and made up my mind to my old one. Hilda wasn't at home, so I locked up and brought the dog into the house and read a chapter, alone, and glad I was to thank Heaven for Sarah's coming out so.

"The next day was beautifully clear, and Hilda came back early in time to get breakfast, and I tossed up an omelet, and told her about Cousin Sarah, and all, an' she was real pleased, of course, and said that made the family about complete, till Hester's twins should come to a realizing age.

"Then, I told about the coming of the express box, the night before, and Hilda was all wild to see that bonnet in a minute, but I reminded her it was the Sabbath day. She said, 'Well, of course, she'd see it when I got it on for church,' and then I explained to her that I wasn't going to wear it. I told her that this being a special season just now, and Sarah joining as she did, and particularly after what Mr. Goodell had said, and all, I thought I'd wait while the interest lasted. Hilda said she guessed, of course, I was right; and she said she *had* heard that Mr. Goodell expected to keep the interest up for three or four weeks longer; and she said that Miss Burns had spoken of expecting her new styles in hats and bonnets from the city in a few days—she'd asked Hilda to be sure and tell me. Well, I don't know, really, just how it was, but Hilda said that perhaps it wouldn't be so much noticed as I thought, and that certainly my old one, that I'd worn two seasons now, wouldn't disturb the thoughts of the worldliest any more. She got it out and put it on my head, and she did own that it was the loveliest bonnet she'd ever seen. And Hilda guessed that as long as I was fairly in it, it would be more wicked to try it on, on Sunday, than to wear it to church and so, the end was, I got out my new pair of kids to go with it, and just went right along."

Miss Anne stopped in her tale as though she would fain call it finished, but Nelly was listening with such compelling interest that she felt herself bound to go on.

"The Hills caught up with me half down the street, and I saw in a minute they'd noticed a difference, and knew what it was, and Miss Hill said, 'Oh! it was a lovely bonnet, and where did I get it?' and she said she hadn't really realized it was time to think of such things yet; and then Martha Hill, she spoke up, and said she hadn't supposed it *was* time in the midst of such a solemn season. You know Martha's just that kind.

"Well, I guess you remember that I've always had the same seat in church, no matter how the rest shifted round: it's pretty well down in front, and I was some later 'n usual, 'n' I knew that most all Little Carthage saw that bonnet going down the aisle, and takin' my regular seat, and that they realized it was trimmed high in the back, and had on plumes, and velvet roses, both. I took my handkerchief out, and shook it out of its folds, and passed it over my face; but round the corner of it I couldn't help seeing that every one was looking, and the next thing I realized that Sarah was sitting right behind me. I don't know 't I heard much of the new minister's effort that morning, I was too conscious of Sarah's eyes on the back of my head. When the first hymn was given out, I heard she wasn't singing, and I turned my head just a little, for a look at her, and her book was upside down.

"Then the sermon began, and I could feel her getting ready to settle down to listen, but I knew all along that by starts she would get thinking where I got my bonnet and whether she liked the new way of trimming up the back or not. You see the love of dress isn't a failing of your family generally, any more'n a lack of religion is, but Sarah's always been different from the rest, every way—seems as if she really couldn't help it and I ought to 've remembered it, an' not put temptation in her way. I'm boun' to own t' I felt real bad all sermon time, and I don't know 't I actually heard anything till our Mr. Goodell rose for a few words at the end.

"He said that the church had reason to

be thankful for the blessing of Heaven poured out in our midst the past weeks when it verily seemed that many had been chosen in answer to much prayer. 'But,' he said, 'but there are some among us that are indifferent and cold to their own good and to the good of others. When I stand here and call, they drown my voice with their loud invitations to merrymaking and to pleasure-seeking; they set the minds of the young to thinking on finery and on pleasures when they should be anxiously gathered here to learn the way we would point to them; and it is to these harm-doers I wish to speak a word of warning in season?' He spoke on an' on, and it all seemed to be said for me, though, of course, I knew who 't *was* meant for, and as the folks came down the aisle they was all talkin' about whether Mrs. Watson would give her party now in the face of what the minister had said. Some said they didn't see how she could, and others said if it was their places they just would.

"A good many spoke to me that knew me well, and said my bonnet was lovely, and if 'twas any other day they'd ask me where I got it, but for the most part they was absorbed in what the minister had said, and I touched Sarah on the arm and asked her to walk on with me. I wanted to see if I had bothered myself for nothing, so I just said I was glad to have her at church, and how did she like the evangelist now she'd heard him.

"Sarah looked kind of hesitating and said she liked him very much, she guessed. I could see she wasn't feeling just right 'n' I said:

"'Do you find him real easy to listen to? There's some that say they don't!' And then she just spoke right out with—

"'Cousin Anne, I'm bound to confess it, I don't know whether he's easy or not. I've always been in the habit of not listening much, so to speak, but this morning, of course, I meant to, but I couldn't get my mind off that bonnet of yours for ten minutes at a time—I found myself again and again trying to make out why the trimming was all switched round to the back, the way it is!'

"You can believe I was sorry to hear her say that, and I said so.

"'O Sarah!' I said, 'you make me feel real bad to think I wore it. This is the last style; my niece sent it up from the city—they're trimming everything that way this year.'

"'It's just lovely!' Sarah answered, 'but I declare I sha'n't ever be able to keep my thoughts off of it in church till I get one something like it, well, as I know I ought to.'

"We'd got to my gate by then, and I'm bound to own that pretty much all the pleasure was gone out of my bonnet, and I was glad to take it off. All that week I couldn't get rid of the thought of it, and it did seem as if I'd just worn that bonnet for Sarah to stumble over.

"Well, Saturday came round and I knew, the next day, she was publicly to join 'n' I grew desperate, 'n' I'll tell you just what I did, Nelly, if you won't go getting offended, it being your gift—'n' all. I hated to, awfully, but I just took that bonnet and ripped off the whole back trimming—there wasn't hardly any in the front, only a bow. I took off the plume and the velvet flowers and just drew the ribbon round the back in a band; it was neat, but how it did look! Like a rooster when he's lost his tail. I'll own 't I couldn't see it for a minute or two, and I even wished for my old one back.

"Well, it aint much use to make a long story of it. When you see your duty clear, you can't do anything but do it. I wore that bonnet to church the next day 'n' I'm bound to say 't I did hate it—it just had the most chastened look. But I don't believe that anybody really thought it was the same bonnet, anybody but Sarah, that is.

"She certainly did surprise the church the most of anybody that joined that day, and just about all the congregation came up afterward to shake hands with her and say how surprised they were an' that they'd been praying for her. She walked home with me an' was real quiet an' didn't seem to want to talk much, but just at my gate, she turned round and said:

"O Anne—I don't think 't you've improved your bonnet much; I've been wondering an' wondering, all church time, what on earth you ever did it for!"

Miss Anne came to a full stop in her rapid speech, then added, with nervous timorousness, as she slowly untwisted the best table-cover's fringe:

"I do hope, Nelly, that you're not

going to get offended an' aren't goin' to think that bonnet isn't appreciated—"

Nelly unfolded her placid hands and put one on either shoulder of her agitated little relative.

"Aunt Anne," she said, "I lived in the house with you a good many years, but I never realized it was in you to do that for *anybody*—and it was such a lovely bonnet, too."

NOON, HIGH NOON.

BY WALTER M. HAZELTINE.

NOON, high noon,
 Grim clouds throng all the air,
 Dotted with specks of purest blue between,
 Another noon, another night, another morn,
 And then—another care—
 And so we go,
 As the great past has gone,
 As the future shall go—
 Still—

The grass grows green
 When was its wont to grow,
 When was its wont the river flows,
 The sea

Beats on unceasingly,
 From morn to morn,
 From noon to noon

The same;
 And not a change is
 But that change has been,
 And shall change back again,
 The forest grows, the trees decay,

A forest grows again;
 And as the earth grows new,
 And on the earth grows new,
 Yet through all, and in all—

All is the same.
 Not one new atom is, not one shall be,
 Though it be night or morn,
 Or noon, high noon.

CROSS CURRENTS.

BY MARY ANGELA DICKENS.

AUTHOR OF "A MIST OF ERROR," "HER INHERITANCE," "A SOCIAL SUCCESS," "KITTY'S VICTIM," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

"NELL! Nell! Humphrey! Where are you both? Don't you know it's breakfast time? Dear me," falling into a lower tone of speculative soliloquy, "what are engaged people made of? Even Helen never knows when it's time for anything. Ne-ell," and the voice rose to a sweet, clear call again. "Ne-ell!"

Selma was standing alone on a smooth grass terrace looking over a large, rambling wilderness of a garden beautiful in brilliant July sunshine. Behind her was a long, low house built of stone, which had grown gray and weather-beaten with three hundred years' exposure to wind and weather, and which was now tenderly sheltered from further rough usage by luxuriant climbing roses and wisteria which peeped in at the mullioned windows, and reached even to the quaintly-gabled roof. It was one of those old manor houses to be so often met with in the west of England, some of them degenerated into the merest farm-houses, many of them rapidly going to decay, but one and all pathetic survivals of a race of country gentlemen which has completely died away. Selma had made a temporary speaking trumpet of her two shapely hands—which were a little tanned as though they had felt a good deal of sunshine lately—her head and figure were slightly thrown back, and she was preparing to repeat her call when a girl of about sixteen appeared in the door-way of the house, and ran out to her.

"I see them, Selma!" she cried, "at least we did from the window up-stairs. Shall I go and call them? You'll never make them hear!"

"Oh! thanks, Nettie," returned Selma, gayly, "let us go together, shall we? It's easier for two than for one. Which way? In the orchard? Oh! come along!" And she ran swiftly along the grass, followed by her cousin—a large, brown-haired girl,

who regarded all her movements at all times with a mixture of admiration and awe. They had nearly reached the orchard gate, and Selma had just pulled up with a merry laugh at the breathless Nettie when they became aware of Humphrey and Helen coming to meet them across the orchard, under the gnarled old apple-trees.

"You dreadful pair!" called Selma. "can you actually forget breakfast—in this air, too! I've been shrieking, and shrieking for you; every one else has nearly finished. Fortunately, Nettie was late as usual, and she saw you from her window. Humphrey, will it hurry you in the least if I tell you that Roger is coming home?"

"Roger!" exclaimed Humphrey in a tone which was very seldom heard from him—a tone of lively excitement. "Coming home! You don't mean that, Selma!"

"You'd better make haste and ask Uncle Dick," she said, mischievously. "Perhaps I've made a mistake. Come along, Nettie," and she vouchsafed no answer to the questions showered on her by Helen and Nettie, making only laughing and evasive retorts aimed at the quiet Humphrey, who had retired into his usual shell of reserve, but whose steps were considerably quicker than usual.

The sunny dining-room, as Selma opened the door, seemed to be overflowing with noise and laughter proceeding indiscriminately from two rows of boys and girls of all ages, over whose tea and coffee Mrs. Cornish was presiding with motherly calm and decision, though her face this morning was rather flushed, and her hands hardly as dexterous as usual. Her husband, at the other end, seemed to be rather overwhelmed by the incessant applications he received for the viands he was dispensing. Mr. Cornish was not in the habit of coping with the

full force of his family; he usually met them in detachments only.

They were a straight-featured, fresh-colored family as a whole, with the exception of two school-boys of thirteen and fourteen who had developed, quite unexpectedly, sandy hair, and whose mischievous, good-tempered, irregular features were invariably adorned with freckles. Sylvia, the eldest unmarried daughter, a girl of twenty-two, who was sitting at her father's end of the table looking after the younger ones, with the baby of the family by her side, was perhaps the most perfect specimen of the family type. She was tall and well-made, with waving brown hair of the ordinary English kind; her brown eyes were clear and well-opened, and rather inexpressive, and her pretty pink-and-white features were not easily moved; her mouth was like her mother's, kind and decided, but neither sensitive nor sympathetic.

The appearance of Selma and Nettie, followed by the defaulting Helen and Humphrey, was the signal for a chorus of some dozen voices all uplifted in announcement of the same piece of news, "Roger's coming home!" and as Helen took her place by her aunt, Humphrey went round to his father and took the open letter held out to him.

The Roger whose home coming was thus vociferously announced was the present Mrs. Cornish's eldest son. As a good-tempered, sunny-faced boy of fourteen, with no aptitude whatever for books, he had attracted the attention of his godfather, a practical, observant man, who was going out to New Zealand as a colonist. He had offered to take the boy, who was tall and well-grown for his age, and put him in the way of making a fortune for himself in some twenty years' time. Mr. Cornish was a barrister, and his practice—large as it afterward became—had not at that time kept pace with the growing demands of his family. It was very difficult to say what was to be done with Roger if he continued to smile good-humoredly on his school examiners instead of answering their questions; and, after much anxious thought, and with the greatest reluctance, his

parents at last gave in to the boy's own earnest entreaty, and let him go. Twelve years had passed since then, and the boy had never been home since—the boy who went away with his young face so white and set in his determination not to cry under his mother's farewell kisses, would never come home any more. But the man who had taken his place was now actually on his way back, and it was no wonder that Mrs. Cornish's eyes were bright and moist as she returned Helen's congratulatory kiss.

"Thank you, my dear," she murmured, as she squeezed the girl's hand tightly for a minute. "Yes, he will be in England in about a fortnight, he says. My dear boy!"

And then a sudden shriek from all the younger members of the party at once recalled her to her practical, every-day self again.

"Mother, can't we go for a picnic? Can't we go to Blue Rocks because Roger is coming home?"

The house Mr. Cornish had taken for August and September was in one of the prettiest parts of Somersetshire, about two miles from the coast. Roomy as it was, the Cornish family, in the exuberance of their holiday spirits, seemed to fill it to overflowing, and the graceful, old-world associations which lingered round its old oak fittings and its oriel windows were somewhat rudely dissipated by cheery young voices and restless young feet. Only Selma seemed to harmonize with those quaint, suggestive old rooms; and Humphrey had surrounded himself and her with an atmosphere which was almost eerie in the eyes of his brothers and sisters by sketching her several times as his imagination saw her in those old rooms in bygone days.

The country round, both coastward and inland, was very beautiful. One of the younger Cornish boys had announced it as his conviction that it had been planned by a beneficent Providence for the express purpose of giving people "jolly places to spend the day in;" and Humphrey, on hearing this announcement, had considerably mystified its author by giving it as his opinion in a few whimsical

words, which he dropped into the talk going on about him with no apparent destination for them, according to his custom, that it had been arranged to withhold man from wasting good canvas and paint. There were heathery hills to climb; there were shady woods to explore; there were, as the same acute young Cornish boy expressed it, "jolly old ruins where one can poke about forever;" and, above all, there was the sea.

Blue Rocks was the name of a little cove about eight miles from the Cornishes' house—which was known round the county as the manor house—one of the most delightful little places in the neighborhood. It was ten miles from a railway station, and three miles from even a cottage, which was an advantage inasmuch as "trippers" were never to be met there, and a disadvantage inasmuch as a picnic there was rather an undertaking. As Nettie Cornish remarked, however, later on in the day, "Mother would have let us go anywhere to-day!" and Blue Rocks was popular with the whole party.

It was very hot, even by the sea, that day, and after the drive in the morning sun, and the dinner on the sands, with all the excitement incident on such a proceeding, a hush came over the picnic party—a hush only to be met with in the neighborhood of the Cornish boys and girls when their irrepressible holiday spirits were overcome with sleep.

The first to finish her share in the general siesta was Selma. She moved, stretched her pretty arms above her head with a little yawn, and looked about her. Two of her girl cousins were near her, one apparently absorbed in a book, but really fast asleep, the other, not attempting to conceal or disguise her slumbers. Selma sat motionless for a little while, leaning back against her rocky couch, and her dreamy eyes grew rather wistful as they rested on the pretty, sleeping faces. There was a distance between herself and her cousins which, try as she might, she could never bridge; and it was one of her inconsistencies to be always vaguely distressed by it. All her brightness could never make her one of them; and there came to her now and then

moments when her girlishness felt keenly what she could never have defined to herself—that never while girlhood lasted could she be quite as other girls.

The wistful eyes wandered away presently and fell upon little Elsie, the five-year-old pet and plaything of the entire Cornish family, the only moving figure visible as she played happily with the plaything she loved above all others—sea-sand. Selma's eyes brightened as she saw the little figure; she raised her head, and, leaning forward, called softly:

"Elsie, come and play with me."

Elsie looked round as the inviting voice fell on her ears, in large-eyed, wondering surprise. She was a pretty little fair thing, and she regarded her beautiful cousin at all times with an awe and amazement which all Selma's advances could not overcome. Selma was always pretty with children, but she could never make them at home with her; she never could understand the reason, and the expression in Elsie's face as she looked round—coming on her own thoughts of a moment before, as she watched her sleeping cousin—hurt her. She rose, and going to the child, knelt down by her on the sand.

"Let us go for a little walk, Elsie," she said, softly, quite unconscious that her beautiful, appealing voice bewildered the little, fair head, as mysterious music might have done. "We are all alone together, you and I. Every one else is so sleepy. We must keep each other company. Where would you like to go?"

Elsie made no answer. Her eyes were fixed on her cousin with something fascinating in their blue depths.

"I know!" went on Selma. "You would like to go up into the little wood where we saw the squirrels as we came this morning, wouldn't you, Elsie?"

Elsie's cheeks grew pink. To see the squirrels "close" had been her heart's desire since the fleeting and fascinating glimpse she had had of them from the carriage as it drove past the wood in question in the morning, and after a moment of struggle her longing conquered even her shyness of Selma.

"Yes," she whispered.

"Then we'll go together now," returned Selma, happily. "It's quite close, and we shall be back in time for tea. It will be lovely, won't it?"

Elsie seemed to think it, on the whole, a doubtful joy; but she thought again of the squirrels, and put her little fingers into Selma's outstretched hand.

Helen and Humphrey strolling along the cliff above saw them start hand in hand, Selma in her blue cotton frock and shady hat, with her graceful head bent toward the small figure by her side, in its little pink smock and big sun-bonnet, with its serious face lifted shyly and dubiously to the lovely eyes above it, and smiled involuntarily at the sight. Their faces had been rather grave—very few words had passed between them since dinner, and there was something in the way in which Helen pressed the arm through which her own was passed, something in the clasp in which he held her hand suggestive of a mutual difficulty and a mutual comfort.

They had been engaged now for more than two months, and Mrs. Cornish, strongly disapproving of long engagements, had been anxious for some time that something definite should be settled as to their marriage. The income brought to Humphrey by his profession was at present quite insufficient to support a wife, but Helen had something of her own, and Mr. Cornish, urged thereto by his wife, had offered to make his son an allowance which should make the joint income sufficient to marry on. But to Mrs. Cornish's extreme indignation, Humphrey had quietly refused his father's offer. He could not marry on such terms, he said; he intended to wait for his wife until he could keep her himself.

Over and over again since his refusal had been made known to her, his step-mother had argued the point with him, and only the day before they had had a long discussion on the subject—if that could be called a discussion to which one party contributes a long harangue and the other monosyllabic and perfectly even-tempered and courteous responses. She had asked him what he proposed to

do, supposing he never "got on," and never sold any pictures, and he had only smiled. She had pointed out to him that she considered it quite unjustifiable of a man to propose to a girl and then keep her waiting indefinitely, and he had answered that Helen was content; and when, in utter exasperation, she had informed him that she should speak to Helen, he had quietly intimated that she was of course quite at liberty to do as she pleased. She had spoken to Helen, and Helen had proved as impracticable as Humphrey. She would wait contentedly, she said, quite happy in Humphrey's love and trust, until he wanted her.

She had said the same thing to Humphrey himself, very simply and frankly as they walked up and down on the cliff together, and the silence which had succeeded her words and his answer—more eloquent even than speech—lasted until Selma's voice, as she passed with Elsie under the cliff, roused Helen. After a glance at Humphrey's grave, preoccupied face, she broke the silence by saying, cheerfully:

"Humphrey, I've been going to ask you so many times what you think about Selma. Do you know I don't know at all?"

"What I think about Selma?" he responded absently. His thoughts were still fixed on the consideration of their own future—the long probation before him, and Helen, partly to draw him out of his depression, and partly because she was really anxious for an answer, went on:

"About her—her powers, I mean, dear. She always seems to me beautiful, and—and wonderful, you know, whatever she does; but I sometimes think I can't judge of her quite, because she is—Selma!" Helen propounded this theory with perfect simplicity and gravity, as if it contained a profound revelation. Humphrey looked at her seriously considering face with eyes which were very tender and amused, and she went on, "O Humphrey! do you think she will be happy?" She looked up at him as she spoke the last words, and it seemed to her that his face grew grave. "You do

think she has talent?" she repeated, with a little hesitation in her voice, half anxious and half proud.

"I think she has genius, Nell."

"O Humphrey! do you really?" cried her sister with a bright flush of pride and joy on her cheeks. "And you think she will be happy?"

Humphrey did not answer at once, and Helen watching his face, tried in vain to read its expression. At last he turned and looked at her with a slight smile, which struck her vaguely as being, as she expressed it, "sad somehow."

"I have told you that I think she has genius," he said.

"Then she will be a success?"

The same smile touched his lips, but his voice was curiously relieved, as though her last question was easier to answer, as he said instantly, "Yes."

Helen heaved a little sigh of satisfaction, and said no more. She was satisfied as to her main point, and though she was vaguely conscious that she did not quite read Humphrey's face, she was well accustomed to the fact that many of what she defined to herself as "Humphrey's fancies" went over her pretty, practical head, and that their love for one another was quite untouched by it. Once, early in their engagement, when he had told her what it was to him to talk to her about his work, she had looked at him with her simple blue eyes full of wistful anxiety.

"Humphrey," she had said, "I'm afraid I don't always understand." And Humphrey's eyes had satisfied her on that point forever, though his lips said only two words. "You care."

While Helen on the cliff was having her mind so far relieved as to her sister's future, Selma herself was giving her whole mind to the entertainment of little Elsie, who trotted along by her cousin's side, along the sands, and up the footpath to the road, silently and gravely. She told the child wonderful histories about squirrels and fairies, imagined and related with a charm which older people than Elsie would have found it difficult to resist; she showed her flowers growing in the hedgerows, and birds flying among the branches, and by degrees she was

rewarded by little shy answers and laughter, and a more confiding touch of the small hand she held, until, as they entered the cool wood, with its moss-grown banks, and tall, gently stirring trees, its little rippling streams, and its wonderful ever-shifting light and shade, above all with its population of squirrels, the little thing forgot her shyness altogether, and chattered, listened, and laughed, "as though I were Helen or Nettie," thought Selma, delightedly. They were so happy together—Elsie so enraptured with the "skirrels," who seemed to be out in unusual force that afternoon, and Selma so pleased at being able to satisfy her—that they went on and on without thinking of time, and when Selma stopped at last to look at her watch, she found that it was nearly five o'clock.

"O Elsie!" she said, "we've come too far."

Elsie's little face grew suddenly grave. The sudden stop, and Selma's tone—more dismayed than she herself knew—had awakened her to the fact that she was all alone with Selma, and a long way from her natural protectors and her tea.

"Tea will be waiting for us," went on Selma, brightly. "They'll never guess where we are, will they, darling? Come, Elsie, and let us see how fast we can walk. Oh!—" she stopped short, looking considerably at a path which joined the road close to where they stood. "I wonder whether that would be a short cut," she said, after a moment; "is it too steep for you, darling, I wonder?"

They were on the side of a thickly-wooded hill, and the path in question went straight down it, while the road by which they had come wound round for a considerable distance. Both path and road evidently led eventually to the main road by which alone they could reach the shore, and the path obviously saved at least twenty minutes' walk. Selma glanced at the serious little face, and thought that the child looked tired; she was afraid, too, that if they were missing at tea-time, Mrs. Cornish would be anxious about Elsie, and she determined to try it.

"It's a beautiful little road, Elsie, isn't

it?" she said, cheerfully. "Right through the squirrels' homes. Come along, darling!" But before they had gone very far, Selma began to wish that she had kept to the road.

The path at first was fairly wide, but it was rough and uneven, and in spite of all her encouragement and help she felt the child's steps grow slower and more uncertain, and her ear caught a little ominous catch in the breath as the little feet stumbled now and then over a more than usually rough piece of ground.

At last, when they were nearly half-way down, one of these stumbles was nearly a fall, and the catch in the breath became a little sob.

Selma stopped.

"Elsie, darling," she said, "shall we go back to the road?"

And then to her unspeakable dismay, the little hand slipped out of hers, and Elsie dropped into a sitting posture on the path, and burst into piteous little sobs and tears.

"Elsie's frightened," she sobbed. "She's tired. She can't do on. The ground's all little hills, and she wants Sylvie. Oh! she wants Sylvie."

Selma fell on her knees beside her, and took her remorsefully into her arms.

"Elsie, sweetheart," she said, "don't—oh! don't! I'll take you to Sylvia; I truly will. O my darling! don't cry!"

But Selma, in spite of all her efforts to that end, had never been regarded by Elsie in the light of a familiar friend, and the disconsolate little weeper refused to be comforted or reassured by her now, looking upon her indeed as a fascinating but deceiving vision, who had lured her away from Sylvia, her own especial comforter. She refused to contemplate the possibilities alike of going on or of going back; and as she was a delicate, excitable little mortal, the more she wept the more utterly unnerved she became, and the less heed she paid to poor Selma's distracted representations. Selma kissed, coaxed, reasoned—it never entered her head to scold—and Elsie wept more and more bitterly. Slight and fragile as the child was, Selma dared not attempt to carry her either up or down that steep, uneven path; and, ridiculous

as was the position, she was nearly at her wit's end. She determined on a last appeal.

"My pet," she said, putting both arms round the sobbing child as she knelt on the path beside her, and pressing her lips tenderly to the little tear-stained cheek, "try and stop crying—only try. I'll go down backwards, and hold your hands tight all the way, and then you can't be frightened. Trust me, darling, won't you? I wouldn't have you hurt for anything. O sweetheart! won't you? Won't you try?"

She had an answer, though Elsie only cried more piteously than ever. A man's voice from below said suddenly:

"Is anything the matter up there? Can I be of any service?"

CHAPTER V.

STARTLED by such a wholly unexpected sound, Selma turned in the direction from which it came, and sprang to her feet, stretching out her hand to the slender trunk of a neighboring tree as she did so to steady herself on the steep, uneven ground. Her hat had fallen off, the long level rays of the afternoon sun lighted her hair, and touched her slight figure, as she stood; and as the man to whom the voice belonged proceeded to follow it quickly up the hill, and came suddenly in sight of her, he stopped abruptly, as though the sunlight—the sunlight in which she stood—had dazzled him for the moment. She waited, with her startled, troubled eyes fixed on him, as though he had sprung out of the earth, for him to speak, and after that instant's pause he lifted his hat and said:

"Pardon me, but I heard your voice, though I could not see you from down below, and I was afraid there might be something wrong. Can I be of any assistance?"

His voice was very pleasant, full, and manly, and he spoke with straightforward directness, which was perfectly simple and perfectly courteous. Selma hesitated a moment, and he added, with a momentary glance at Elsie:

"Has the little girl hurt herself?"

In spite of the irrepressible admiration in his eyes—wondering, almost reverent admiration, such as her own eyes had never met before—there was a natural frankness about his face and manner which inspired Selma with sudden confidence.

"Thank you," she said, "no, she is not hurt, but she is too tired, and the path is steep, and has frightened her. I"—and Selma's perplexed face broke into a smile at the words—"it's very absurd, but I can't get her any further."

The bronzed face of the man before her reddened under the sunburn at her smile, and he said, hastily:

"Is she very shy? Do you think she would let me carry her?"

"Oh!" said Selma, with a pretty pink flush of confusion coming into her face, "oh! it's very kind of you; but—but perhaps she will try and walk now. Elsie darling, come!"

But Elsie made no attempt to respond to the appeal made to her, and Selma involuntarily turned from the child to her unexpected helper with an expression of despair.

"May I?" he said, with a smile. And then, as she rose with a deprecating, "Oh! thank you," he stooped suddenly and unexpectedly and picked the weeping Elsie up in his arms, bringing her suddenly face to face with a very good-natured pair of blue eyes.

Elsie did not resent the treatment; misery and desolation had already fallen on her little soul; it seemed to her that tribulation could go no further, and any change might possibly be for the better. Consequently she suspended her sobs for a moment, and scrutinized the blue eyes wistfully. Apparently their expression was reassuring, for the tears flowed more slowly.

"You're not afraid of me, little one?" The tone was so confident and kindly that little Elsie did what many an older person would have done under the same circumstances—gave the answer that was evidently expected of her. She shook her head. "I'm going to take you part of the way home on my shoulder. You'll like that, won't you?"

"Elsie wants to go to mother. She wants her tea."

"That's all right, ther; Elsie's going." He perched her comfortably on his shoulder, and turned to Selma for further directions; then, feeling a little shudder pass through the child as she looked down the steep incline, he took her into his arms again, so that she should not see it, as he said: "Were you going up or down?"

"Oh! thank you so much," said Selma, gratefully; "I am so very much obliged to you. Down would be far quicker for me if—it is not too steep. We want to get into the Farstone Road. It is so kind of you."

She lifted her eyes shining with gratitude as she spoke, and he murmured, hastily:

"Not at all," turning in the direction she had indicated.

The light was beginning to fade a little by this time in the wood, and the half-mile which lay between them and the road would have been by no means easy walking for a man with a child in his arms, Selma thought, even at the best of times. But the man behind her stepped confidently on, talking and laughing to Elsie all the time, never allowing her to feel either frightened or shaken until he stood with her on what she called the "nice, unjogging road."

"Thank you very much indeed," said Selma, then. "Elsie, dear, say 'thank you very much,' and come."

But Elsie did not see the situation from the same point of view.

"Thank you very much," she said, obediently enough; but then she added, pathetically, and without attempting to move: "Elsie's welly tired."

Her friend in need turned hastily to Selma, and said, before she had time to recover herself:

"May I not carry her home?"

"Oh!" began Selma, crimsoning, "I—I couldn't allow you to do such a thing. We are not going home; our party is picnicing on the shore, and they will be getting so anxious. Elsie, darling, it's a lovely, smooth road now; you can walk beautifully."

But Elsie's little nerves had been a

good deal shaken; the small mouth trembled ominously, and two big tears made their appearance, to tender-hearted Selma's infinite dismay.

"Oh! don't cry again, darling!" she exclaimed, appealingly. And then she raised her eyes to the blue ones which looked at her over the little fair head, as the man said again:

"Please let me carry her. It is really a very little way to the shore."

"It is out of your way, I'm afraid," she said, hesitatingly.

"It is not of the least consequence, I assure you," he said, eagerly—as the road in question led only to the open sea, he could not well assert that it was his way home, though he looked as though he would willingly have done so. "I'm afraid your friends will be getting anxious."

"It is most kind of you," she faltered. "Elsie—" But he had taken her hesitating words for consent, and the next instant they were walking down the road side by side.

There was a short pause.

It was quite five-and-twenty minutes' walk to the shore, and Selma felt that it could not pass in total silence; but for the moment, though why it should have been so she could not have explained, she was unable to produce a single remark, even upon so simple a subject as the weather. She was much relieved when the unconscious cause of her embarrassing position broke the silence by saying suddenly to her bearer:

"Does you live here!"

He seemed to rouse himself from thoughts of his own at the sound of the little voice, and he withdrew his eyes from the distant horizon, on which they had been rather elaborately fixed as though to prevent their wandering to the figure by his side, to meet Elsie's inquiring face, and answer, cheerily:

"No I live a long way off!"

Selma seized the opening, and dashed valiantly into the conversation.

"The country about here is beautiful, isn't it?" she said.

"Very!" he answered, quickly. "Do you know it well?"

The conversation from this excellent starting-point should have gone on swimmingly; but of course, he could not speak to her without turning his head toward her, and as she met his eyes, Selma felt her cheeks grow pink and hot under her shady hat, and her own eyes dropped hastily. She was so well accustomed to the admiration with which men always looked at her that it seemed to her their ordinary expression, and she simply never noticed it at all; but she had never before been looked at quite as this man looked at her, and though she did not resent it, it rendered her entirely incapable of carrying on the conversation. Fortunately Elsie saved her the trouble.

"We live a long way off, too," she remarked, reflectively. "We live in London, don't we, Selma? Oh! please"—with a sudden little cry, and a clutch at the throat of her friend—"Oh! please don't tumble Elsie!"

He laughed apologetically, and not quite freely.

"Did I nearly tumble Elsie?" he said.

"I'm very sorry. So you are Elsie!"

There was a moment's pause, and then he turned to Selma with a new expression on his face, and a shade of constraint in his frank manner. He was evidently anxious to make conversation, for he produced the brilliant and original remark:

"What wonderful weather we are having!" But the sight of the lovely, flushed face she turned to him as she cast about in her mind for an equally inspiring response apparently overwhelmed him with confusion, and he went on breathlessly, as he looked back again at Elsie:

"What a pretty name Elsie is, and what a pretty bonnet you have! Will you tell me how old you are?"

"I'm five," was the prompt and confidential response. "Dick comes next—he's quite old, he's eleven. Nettie—"

Elsie's catalogue of her family's respective ages was cut short by a little cry from Selma.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I've lost my charm!"

She stopped short in her quick walk as she spoke, and the man beside her stopped

too, looking at her in blank bewilderment.

"I—I beg your pardon," he said, "you've lost—what?"

"My charm," she answered, "from my *châtelaine*. Oh! what shall I do?"

"Shall we go back and look for it," said he; "is it—is it a large thing?"

Selma tried to laugh, but her eyes were bright with the tears which always rose so readily to them as she said:

"Oh! no; thank you very much. It's such a little thing, we should never find it—I may have dropped it somewhere in the wood. Please don't mind about it, it can't be helped; only—only it was given me a long time ago by a friend, and I was fond of it. Shall we go on?" She moved on as she spoke, and he followed her reluctantly.

"What was it like?" he asked.

"Oh! only a little gold heart," she answered, trying to speak lightly. "Please don't trouble about it. Look, Elsie, there is the sea. Mother will think we are lost!"

As she spoke they reached the turn of the road from which a narrow lane led down to the seashore, and Elsie's friend stopped short.

"Is—are all your party there?" he asked.

"Yes," said Selma, wondering rather at the question; and then she said, hesitatingly, and rather to her own surprise, "Will you—will you not come and let Elsie's mother thank you for herself? She will be so much obliged to you."

He reddened suddenly all over his bronzed face, and hesitated for a moment. Then he put the child down rather abruptly.

"You are very kind," he said; "no, I won't do that, thanks. Good evening!" and before Selma could recover from her astonishment, or Elsie could thoroughly realize that she was standing on her own two tired little feet, he had turned the corner of the road by which they had come and disappeared. At the same moment two of the Cornish boys ran round the other end of the lane from the shore, and greeted Selma and Elsie with a shout of surprise.

"Wherever have you been, Elsie?" they called, instinctively addressing their little sister, and not her unusual companion. "We've been hunting and shouting and tearing about all over the place, and you look as if you had been standing there all the time. What are you looking for?"

"He's gone!" responded the child, as they all four meet in the middle of the lane.

"Who's gone?" demanded one of her brothers, while the other said:

"Please, Selma, mother's rather anxious; shall I run on and tell her you're all right?"

"We'll all run," answered Selma, hastily. "Jim, take Elsie's other hand. Come, darling—that's right," and three minutes later they ran literally into the arms of the whole Cornish family, and every one was asking questions at once. At last Elsie's shrill little voice rose suddenly above all the others, as Selma was explaining, and apologizing to Mrs. Cornish a little aside.

"He found us in the wood," she announced. "And he was a nice, big man—wasn't he, Selma?—and he carried Elsie all the way. It's a pity Selma's too big to be carried. He kept on looking at her all the time, and I s'pect he must have been finking 'bout that!"

A shout of laughter greeted this observation, and all the cousins and Mrs. Cornish turned simultaneously to Selma.

"My dear," said her aunt, "I hope he wasn't rude? He was on his way home from work, I suppose?" And then, surprised at Selma's crimson cheeks, she added, in a lower voice: "Was it unpleasant, my dear?"

There was a bright color in Selma's cheeks as she answered, and her words seemed to tumble over one another in a way very unusual to her.

"Oh! no, auntie," she said. "He was—it wasn't—it was a gentleman."

A sudden silence fell upon the assembled Cornishes. Not one of them dared to tease Selma on such a subject as they would have teased one of themselves, and an awkward consciousness took possession of them that the laugh had been

a mistake. There was a moment's pause, and then Selma, with a quick, curious movement, as if she was throwing something from her, flung herself into the breach.

"It was an adventure," she cried, gayly; "really and truly an adventure. There we were up a tree—as the boys say—only we were at the foot of a tree; and there we should have stayed, if the birds had been kind enough to feed us, until Elsie grew up, and I grew gray. But Providence created a young man—a nice, blue-eyed young man—on purpose to walk through that particular wood at that particular moment. He came from nowhere, and—he has gone back to where he came from. It's my belief that he wasn't real at all, and I shall take him for my own young man. Auntie, have you had tea? Elsie and I are starving, simply, aren't we, darling?"

Tea had been waiting for nearly an hour, and the sentiments of the whole party found a mouthpiece in Nettie, who observed, in a tone of extreme satisfaction, as they all arranged themselves on the sand in the poses each found most suitable to the consumption of food under the circumstances:

"Tea is real, at all events!"

"Yes, Nettie, tea is real. But after all, what is tea?" returned Selma, with mock pathos. She had seated herself next to Helen, throwing her hat down on the sand by her side as she did so, and she half-propped herself against her sister's shoulder, her soft, dark hair all ruffled about her forehead as she continued, in the same tone: "Do you consider tea a substitute for a nice young man, Nettie?—some cake, please—for a handsome young man with beautiful blue eyes, and nice curly brown hair? I can't console myself with fleeting joys like tea. I've lost my heart to an unreality. Oh!—"—her flushed, excited face changed suddenly—"oh! talking of hearts, Nell, I have had a real loss—my charm?"

"Your little gold heart—the thing Mr. Tyrrell gave you when—"

"Yes!" interposed Selma, hastily. "I am so sorry."

"O Selma! so am I!"

Mr. Tyrrell had given the little trinket to his pupil many years ago, when she had conquered her first great difficulty; and Helen knew how fond her sister had been of it. She was rather surprised that the cloud over Selma's face passed almost immediately.

"Where do they make young men like that?" she exclaimed, merrily, addressing the company at large, as she handed her cup to the boy who was sitting—or rather sprawling—next her, that it might go to Mrs. Cornish to be refilled. "No, thank you, Jim, I'm not hungry," as the same boy handed her bread and butter, with such grace as his position allowed. "He was like a young man out of a story-book, with bronzed features, and powerful hands, and all that kind of thing. I believe he was specially made for this occasion only, wasn't he, Elsie?"

Elsie looked seriously up into the sparkling, dancing eyes as Selma leant suddenly across Helen with a swift, graceful movement, and turned back the big sun-bonnet, which nearly hid her little face.

"What is 'peshally made,' Selma?" she asked.

Selma laughed a gay, excited, ringing laugh.

"What is 'peshally made,' Elsie?" she repeated. "Well, it means that no one but you and I has ever seen your 'big, nice man.' And it means that we sha'n't see him ever again. Do you see?"

"Not see him ever again?" said Elsie, regretfully. "Yes, Elsie sees. Isn't it a pity, Selma, he was maked like that?"

Selma laughed again; and declaring that adventure had taken away her appetite, she let herself drop gradually backward on the sand, with her hands clasped under her head, and began to talk. She was in one of those moods of wild spirits in which she now and then indulged, in which she was perfectly irresistible. Nothing was too fanciful or too ridiculous for her to say. Everything done or said by any member of the party seemed to call out her sense of fun; and she absolutely revelled in nonsense—nonsense which was always graceful and fascinating, as

Selma in her wildest moments could not fail to be. Her eyes danced, and her cheeks glowed, her sweet, bright voice rang with merriment, and her whole personality seemed radiant with happy youth and excitement.

She kept every one, from Mrs. Cornish to little Elsie, in fits of laughter until the time came for going home, and then there was a general clamor from the young Cornishes "to go in the carriage with Selma." There were two wagonettes, and a division was finally effected by which Selma and two or three boys and girls, with Helen and Humphrey to act as ballast, were packed off as the first detachment.

During the first mile the occupants of the other carriage could catch the laughing tones of Selma's voice as she made fresh fun out of everything they passed, and were devoured with envy at not being able to hear the words. But gradually her voice dropped out of the chatter kept up between Helen and the younger ones. She had been the last to get in, and was sitting at the end of the wagonette, steadying herself with one slender hand on the end rail, and—half-unconsciously and involuntarily at first—her eyes wandered from the laughing faces on her right to what lay beyond Humphrey, as he sat immediately opposite her.

The moon was rising, and her words became fewer and less lively, and her voice grew softer and slower. Under the magical spell of the moon the landscape seemed to evolve itself, mysterious and unfamiliar in that always mysterious light, out of the vague shadowiness of summer darkness, and, little by little, all unconsciously, she moved her head so that she saw nothing but that slowly strengthening light, stealing on so peacefully, conquering darkness so gently and imperceptibly. The voices about her died into distance and unreality, she hardly heard them; the actual world seemed to recede and retreat, leaving her alone in that mysterious world where every soul must be alone forever with its own longings and its own regrets—the world of beauty, whereof the atmosphere is aspiration. Her eyes grew deep and dark, and her face, very beauti-

ful with that sensitive receptive hush on it, paled slightly as she watched, and trembled a little now and then.

There was another silent occupant of the carriage, who watched her face during the drive almost as intently as she watched the rising moon, and as Humphrey gave her his hand when they reached home that she might follow Helen—the children had jumped out of the carriage and rushed in—he said, quietly:

"It has been lovely, hasn't it?"

Selma flushed hotly, and turned quickly toward him. He smiled slightly, and she exclaimed:

"Humphrey, how did you know? How like you! Why, you had your back to it!"

"I saw it in your face," he said, with a smile; "and I saw the sky behind you."

"It—it took hold of me, somehow," she said, shyly; and then, as he nodded without a word, she slipped her arm through her sister's, and smiled brightly up at him, as she exclaimed: "Nell, you've given me the very nicest brother in the world! It's sweet of you!"

Helen laughed.

"I'm so glad you're satisfied, Selma!" she said. "You are satisfied, too, are you not, Humphrey?"

And as he turned to her, with that look in his eyes which never shone in them for any one but Helen—a look so different from the sympathetic interest they held for Selma, that when it lighted them they hardly seemed to belong to the same man—they all three moved away into the house, and the two girls ran up-stairs, nominally to get ready for supper, though, as Selma observed, supper was a farce, when it seemed about three minutes since tea.

Selma had just tossed her hat on to the bed when they heard the larger wagonette, with the rest of the party, roll up the drive. There was a stir of arrival, an unusual kind of cry, as though every one downstairs had suddenly and simultaneously exclaimed, and Nettie dashed headlong into the room, and cast herself breathlessly on a chair.

"What do you think?" she gasped.

"Oh! what, Nettie?"

"Roger's come!"

"Come!" exclaimed Helen and Selma, in the same breath. "Not really?"

"He has! He was waiting in the breakfast-room. Father wouldn't say until mother came, and I haven't seen him yet. Oh! isn't it exciting!"

And Nettie bounded up from her chair and cast herself frantically upon Helen's neck.

"He wasn't to have been in England for another week or ten days," said Helen, as she kissed the girl. "Oh! isn't auntie delighted? Was the letter delayed, I wonder?"

"Yes—no—I mean a little. He meant it to be a surprise. Oh! isn't it too thrilling!" cried Nettie, again, as Mrs. Cornish's voice, curiously excited and unsteady, was heard calling from the foot of the stairs:

"Helen, Helen and Nettie, come down, my dears."

Helen turned to Selma, as the excited Nettie dashed out of the room as impetuously as she had dashed in, and put two quite trembling hands up to her hair; her cheeks were very rosy.

"Am I—tidy, Selma?" she said, hurriedly. "Humphrey is so very fond of Roger, you know. He was talking about him this afternoon. Put me straight, Selma. Oh! don't you think I'd better change my dress?"

"You're beautiful, dear," answered Selma, reassuringly, as she gave a few quick, deft touches to her sister's hair. "You needn't do anything at all. There, go down."

"You're coming, Selma? Oh! do come with me!"

Selma laughed.

"Very well, Nell," she said; "we'll go down together."

They were far too preoccupied with the introduction before Helen to give a thought to the state of Selma's personal appearance. The wavy hair was rather loose and tumbled, and made the face it framed—pinker in the cheeks than usual with excitement—look even younger and lovelier than usual; she still had in

her dress a bunch of white roses she had gathered in the morning, withered now, but still fragrant and graceful.

They went down the shallow old staircase arm-in arm, and as she laid her hand upon the drawing-room door, Selma turned and smiled brightly and encouragingly at the palpitating Helen. She turned the handle and pushed the door a little open, and then, quite suddenly, to Helen's astonishment, she stopped short; her whole face changed, and a crimson flush rushed over it, dyeing her very throat.

"O Helen!" she whispered; "O Helen!"

From within the room, which was hidden from the two girls on the threshold by a screen, a man's voice was audible—a full, manly voice which Helen had never heard before. But before she could sufficiently recover from her surprise either to go on into the room or to ask an explanation of her sister, little Elsie ran across the hall toward them, and Selma caught her quickly by the hand.

"Come in, Elsie!" she said, rapidly; "Helen, we mustn't wait!" And she pushed Helen gently before her, following closely with Elsie's hand held tightly in her own, her eyes fixed on the ground, and her color coming and going as she breathed.

Mrs. Cornish's words, "Roger, here is Helen!" were not needed. The tall man who was standing between herself and her husband near the drawing-room window turned quickly as the girls entered and as she saw his face Elsie dropped Selma's hand and ran past Helen toward him, crying delightedly:

"Oh! it's him! It's him! Selma, he wasn't 'peshally made!'"

CHAPTER VI.

EVERY one was very much and very unreasonably surprised that Selma should not have known her cousin when he came to her rescue in the wood. As she had been only five years old when he left England, and he had sent home no photographs, recognition might nearly as well

have been expected of little Elsie, even if they had been familiar playfellows before his departure. And as a matter of fact, even in her babyhood, Selma had never seen Roger Cornish.

They were sitting in the garden on the morning after Roger's arrival, when this discovery was made—Mrs. Cornish, with her colonist son on the grass at her feet, Helen, Selma, Humphrey, and a selection of the boys; the latter were anxious as to their new brother's capacity for larks—from which point of view Humphrey was eminently unsatisfactory—and were at present at that stage of their investigation which consisted in monosyllable responses to his advances, and in hovering about on the outskirts of their elders' conversation to devour the unconscious candidate for their approbation with eyes and ears.

As far as the evidence of their eyes went, youthful popular opinion had decided that Roger looked "jolly," and, as far as it went, popular opinion was right. Roger Cornish was a tall, broad-shouldered young fellow, with bright brown hair, which, short as he kept it, insisted on curling defiantly, a full beard, a little lighter in color, and well-opened blue eyes. There was a great deal of energy and steady reliability about his face, but very little trace of thought in the abstract, and the good-natured eyes were as simple and direct in their gaze as a child's. There was a breadth about his figure, and a depth in his voice which made him seem older than his twenty-six years, and which curiously contradicted his eyes and his boyish laugh.

The little group, with the exception of this investigating contingent which fluctuated as curiosity and restlessness dictated, had been established under the fine old trees which were one of the chief attractions of the Manor House garden, ever since breakfast, and there was that half-tentative, half-familiar air about it which always pervades such a family reunion. The new Roger was a stranger to his brother and sister, a stranger almost to his mother, and they were strangers to him. The common interests which are the bonds of family life had all to grow

up between them; and in the instinctive mutual consciousness of this, the mutual desire to hasten the process, there had hardly been a pause in the quick, interested fire of question and answer.

More than an hour had passed in this way, when, after the first short silence, Mrs. Cornish said, with a smile:

"Of course it is absurd to expect that Selma should have known you, and yet I can't help feeling quite aggrieved that she did not. I don't like to think that you were so near me, dear boy, and that I didn't know it. Why didn't you come straight to me when you knew who she was?"

Roger's sunburnt face reddened, and he glanced furtively in Selma's direction.

"I—I did think of it," he said. "I knew when I heard the name. But I—there was something—I thought I'd come on here, you see."

"You see the consequences of sending home no photographs," said Sylvia, laughing. "You've let us clamor for one all in vain, and so your own cousin doesn't know you when she sees you. And your own sister wouldn't have known you any better," she continued, suspending her needlework to look critically at him; "though, of course, I was quite a big girl—much older than Selma—when you went away. Suppose we had refused to believe in you, Roger. Suppose we had none of us known you?"

"I should have known him anywhere," interposed his mother, softly, pausing an instant in her knitting to lay her hand on his head.

"What a strange thing it was that you should have taken that short cut through the wood instead of keeping to the road!" went on his sister. Sylvia stood rather alone in the Cornish family, for the brother who should have belonged to her especially had died in his babyhood; she had always hoped that Roger, when he should come home, would take the vacant place; and she was full of eagerness to make friends with him. "I suppose you are so used to finding tracks—isn't that the word?—that the absence of a road is nothing to you. It was lucky for you, Selma, wasn't it?"

The response was so low as to be hardly audible. Selma was apparently interested at the moment in something far away on the horizon. But Sylvia hardly paused for an answer before she continued, reflectively:

"When did Selma see you last, I wonder, Roger? After all, she can only have been a tiny child when you went away. Do you remember him that Christmas before he went, Selma?"

Selma was sitting in a big basket-chair which stood, in consequence of the way in which the shade was thrown, at a little distance from the group which she faced; she was leaning back in it, doing nothing, though both Helen and Sylvia had needlework in their hands. Selma very rarely did do anything when she was not working hard at her own profession. There was something rather constrained and shy about her attitude; she had hardly contributed a word to the talk which had been going on so briskly, and, as every one turned to her with sudden curiosity as Sylvia spoke, she stretched up one arm and pulled a chestnut leaf from the tree above her head, apparently that she might pull it to pieces as she said, in a low, embarrassed voice:

"No, Sylvia, I don't remember—Roger at all."

She glanced up shyly as she spoke, and found that Roger had taken advantage of Sylvia's question to turn eagerly toward her, and that he was exactly facing her. It was the first time their eyes had met that morning, and as Selma dropped hers hastily, Sylvia, who happened to be looking at her, suddenly upset her work-basket with an irrepressible movement of astonishment, and became temporarily speechless. It was Helen who lifted her head from her work, and said:

"I wonder whether you ever did see him! Do you know, auntie, I believe, after all, she never did. It was the year before Roger went away that mother and father went to Cannes, when I came to you, and Selma went with them, and before that—"

"Before that, Roger never spent his holidays in London," went on her aunt. "You're quite right, Helen. What a

curious thing! Then they really did meet for the first time yesterday. I suppose you would have known Selma from her photographs, Roger, and Helen, too!"

"Helen, I think I should have known," he said, instantly, looking up at her frankly, "but—Selma," he turned hesitatingly as he spoke, and there was a nervous, involuntary movement from the basket-chair, "I—I didn't know her till Elsie said—till I heard her name," he finished hurriedly and incoherently.

An irrepressible chuckle from a cross-legged boy—it was Jim, the sandiest and most mischievous of the two sandy-haired ones—interrupted the conversation at this stage of the proceedings.

"What a lark!" he said, turning suddenly head over heels in his delight. "Oh! what a lark! Fancy Selma's saying you weren't real when you were her own cousin! She said she'd take you—" But Jim was abruptly interrupted; Sylvia, Humphrey, and Selma rose suddenly and simultaneously.

"Boys, don't you want to go fishing?"

"Boys, go and get some lunch;" came from the two former at one and the same moment, and when the tumult which followed these suggestions had subsided, and the boys had departed to carry both into effect, the big basket-chair under the chestnut tree was empty.

Selma was seen very little and heard still less for the rest of the day; and, during the week that followed, the usual Selma, bright, impulsive, always, unconsciously to herself, the centre figure wherever she might be, seemed to have disappeared more completely each time Selma's outward personality was seen; the present Selma had nothing to say, had very pink cheeks in public, and very white ones in private, had large eyes, which were alternately scared and dreamy; she was very anxious to be unobtrusively and incessantly useful to Mrs. Cornish or the girls, or to amuse little Elsie for hours together in private haunts of their own. Only one person noticed these things. Helen was absorbed in Humphrey, Mrs. Cornish was absorbed in

Roger—whom she found by no means so even in his spirits as she could have wished, and who seemed to her to be too much given to long fits of abstraction. Only Sylvia saw, and understood, and she could hardly believe the evidence of her senses.

She was standing alone in the drawing-room one evening, when Roger had been home rather more than a week, staring blankly at the door. It had just closed behind Selma, who had vanished from the room, with suddenly flushed cheeks, as a man's voice was heard from the room on the other side of the hall; and Sylvia's amazement had not allowed her to move when she was startled out of her petrification by the abrupt re-opening of the door, and the precipitate entrance of Nettie, who shut it behind her with a jerk, and nearly fell back against it, with round, excited eyes.

"Sylvia," she whispered, excitedly, "what do you think?"

"I can't think," returned her sister, limply.

"I came out of the breakfast-room just this minute, and Roger came out of the dining-room and he didn't see me. Selma was simply flying up-stairs, and she had dropped her handkerchief in the hall; and Roger saw it, and he saw her, and he picked it up, and he—O Sylvia—he—kissed it like anything."

A curious sound, suggestive of a youthful animal of some description in strong convulsions, came suddenly from under the low drawing-room window; but neither girl noticed it. Sylvia had dropped into a chair, and was gazing at her sister as if the plump, good-natured Nettie were a spectre.

"Nettie!" she gasped at last, "it'll happen!"

"O Sylvia!—what?"

"Roger and Selma. Yes, you may well look like that, Nettie, but—she does!"

Lucidity in Sylvia's statements had been conspicuous so far entirely by its absence; but Nettie seemed to understand her.

"Roger and Selma!" she gasped in a whisper, which was almost awestruck, as

her round brown eyes grew rounder than ever. "Selma!"

"Nettie, my head has been going like this," said Sylvia, solemnly, making a wild agitation with her hands, intended to depict excessive confusion of mind.

"I saw him look at her the very first morning, and she met his eyes unexpectedly, and she looked— If it had been any other girl, I should have said she meant to flirt with him; but it was Selma—Selma, Nettie! I never saw her look at any man as though he were a bit different to a girl."

"But she hasn't flirted with him," said Nettie, incomprehendingly. "She hardly ever speaks to him."

"That's it," cried Sylvia, vigorously and inconsequently. "O Nettie! how stupid you are! Don't you see that Selma simply can't flirt? She—Nettie, she's fallen in love with him!"

"Sylvia!"

How long they would have sat there staring at one another as though the world had suddenly turned upside-down before their astonished eyes it is impossible to say. The convulsive sounds outside the window, which had been apparently forcibly restrained during their conversation by the sufferer, were to be repressed no longer, and Nettie and Sylvia started instantaneously to their feet as Jim's freckled face, red and shiny with laughter, appeared suddenly above the window-sill, while the rest of his person danced with joy below.

"Selma's young man!" he said. "Oh! what a game! I'll ask him if he knows where Selma's handkerchief is. Oh! hurroo!"

The Cornish boys had been very early initiated into the inimitable field of mischief provided by what they called "spoons." During the engagement of their eldest sister—who had married some years before, and had gone to India with her husband—they had been used as tools at very tender ages by her husband's brother, a feather-brained medical student, with an unlimited capacity for practical joking. His promptings had fallen upon truly faithful soil, especially in the case of Jim, whose perceptions as

to the means by which it was possible to cover an engaged couple with confusion had been abnormally acute when he was an imp of only five. He had rejoiced greatly over the news of Humphrey's engagement, but Humphrey and Helen had turned out, as he expressed it, "no go," and he was consequently quite at liberty to concentrate his undivided attention on the possibility suggested by the conversation he had just overheard.

Sylvia and Nettie expressed their appreciation of the position by a simultaneous dash toward the window, and a clutch at the hopping, dancing figure below.

"Jim, you dreadfully wicked boy," cried Sylvia, wrathfully, but low, lest other wicked boys should appear upon the scene and complicate her difficulties. "Don't you know that it's simply disgustingly mean to listen to people?"

"People shouldn't talk so loud when a person is catching moths under the window, then. Ah, I've caught a moth, and no mistake;" and Jim winked wickedly into his sisters' perturbed countenances.

"Jim, if you do anything, I'll—I don't know what I won't do!"

"Do anything, Sylvia," was the answer, in a tone of innocence which would have shamed the proverbial newborn babe. "Me? Why, whatever should I do?"

"Oh! you imp," breathed Nettie, emulating her sister in caution and exceeding her in vigor; "there isn't any knowing what you won't do! You'll be everywhere you're not wanted!"

"I shall be about, Nettie," returned the innocent, much surprised. "A chap may be about, I suppose. P'raps I shall see Roger sometimes when he doesn't see me. He's got such a spooney—I mean mooney—way with him"—with an irrepressible chuckle. "I shall look after Selma a bit, too, p'raps—quietly, you know. She's rather down, isn't she?" and with another irrepressible chuckle he wriggled out of his sisters' hands and disappeared in the dark.

There was nothing to be done, the much-perturbed Sylvia and Nettie argued,

except to keep a sharp look-out upon the boy, and frustrate as far as possible any little plans he might develop. To this argument each girl added a private mental determination which each thought it better not to confide to the other, and which began to take effect on the family atmosphere the very next day. Both Sylvia and Nettie apparently woke up the next morning afflicted with a curious form of restlessness, which was always urging them to call to its relief any member of the family who happened to be talking at the moment to Roger or Selma, who were always finding themselves left alone. Not alone together. It was another peculiarity of the family atmosphere, which was rather complicated in those days, that whenever there was the remotest prospect of such a contingency, either Roger or Selma incontinently fled. An incessant game of post seemed to be in progress. Selma, when her companion had departed, remonstrating, to answer Sylvia's urgent appeal, would invariably rise precipitately as soon as she found herself alone and attach herself to somebody else; whereupon, before many minutes had elapsed, that somebody's presence would become absolutely necessary to Nettie's peace of mind, and the proceedings would recommence. Roger, left alone, would stare vacantly into space for a few minutes, heave a heavy sigh, and depart to take a solitary walk.

At last, one hot afternoon in August, the whole party had taken refuge from the sun in and about a picturesque old summer-house which stood close to a large fish-pond, which gave that part of the garden a quaint, old-world look. It was some way from the house, at the extreme end of what went by the name of the lower garden, and the water, shaded by a large walnut-tree which overhung it, looked cool and refreshing on that broiling afternoon.

The younger Cornishes had gradually grown tired of inaction, and had strayed away. Sylvia and Nettie had risen one after the other in a casual manner and departed, and shortly afterward Sylvia had suddenly remembered that she wanted

Humphrey to advise her as to a piece of art needlework on which she was engaged, and had fetched him into the house, and Nettie had called for Helen on important business. Mrs. Cornish, Selma, and Roger were left alone; Selma sitting right inside the summer-house, on one of the picturesque rustic benches with which it was furnished, Mrs. Cornish just outside in a garden-chair, with Roger beside her on the slightly raised threshold.

They were not a conversational trio. Selma had a book in her hand, Mrs. Cornish was turning the heel of her sock, and Roger was staring at vacancy in a manner which was eminently self-conscious but not entertaining.

"Twenty, twenty-two, twenty-four," murmured Mrs. Cornish. "Oh! dear, that's the end of my wool; I must get some more. No, my dear, don't trouble; I don't know exactly where it is," she added, to Selma, whose absorbing interest in her book had not prevented her jumping up, almost before Mrs. Cornish had finished speaking, with a pressing offer to be allowed to go for what she wanted.

"I can look for it, auntie," she protested.

"No, no, my dear. I will go myself. Sylvia said she wanted to show me something about her work. You stop here with Roger. I shall be back directly." And Mrs. Cornish moved briskly away.

Selma hesitated a moment as if in doubt whether or no to insist on following her, and, before she had decided, Mrs. Cornish had turned the corner, and was out of sight, leaving Selma standing in the middle of the summer-house with Roger, who had risen, standing rather awkwardly in the doorway, so that if she decided to go she would have to ask him to let her pass. The color came and went; she turned the book she held nervously in her hands, and then she suddenly sat down again, apparently choosing the least of two evils. Roger's state of mind did not seem to be much more composed than her own, and he leant his broad shoulders against one of the supports of the little place in an attitude which was far from appearing as easy as he fondly hoped.

"I—I was afraid you meant to go in," he said.

"Oh! no!"

"You—you do go in a good deal, don't you? I mean," he amended, hastily, "you generally go where I am not."

Selma started to her feet.

"Oh! no; not at all," she said, breathlessly. "It isn't that at all; but I must go in now, I've just remembered."

She stood before him waiting for him to move, a startled figure, quiveringly anxious to escape, and he was stepping back with a heavy shade of disappointment on his honest face, when he was suddenly startled by a heavy splash and a frightened cry which Selma echoed with a shriek of dismay as her eyes suddenly dilated, and her face turned white with fright.

"The pond!" she cried. "Oh! I always knew they would. He's tumbled in. Oh! come! There are holes!" and the next moment she had rushed to the edge of the fish-pond, followed closely by Roger, who asked rapidly:

"Can't they swim? Which is it?"

"Oh! yes," she cried, "but he fell off the tree! Oh! you see he doesn't rise."

Almost before the words were uttered, Roger had stripped off his coat and had plunged into the pond, on the surface of which nothing was to be seen but large, slowly-widening rings of water. He dived straight out of sight, and as the water closed above him a little strangled gasp parted Selma's white lips, and she stood rooted to the ground, not attempting to run for help or even to call out, staring with dark, dilated eyes at the spot where he had disappeared, until, a few seconds later, he rose again some distance across the pond, holding a sandy, unconscious head above water with one hand, as he kept himself afloat with the other.

"He's stunned," he called, speaking in short, labored gasps, "and—heavy. Can—you—help—up—the bank?"

The pond had been cleared out only a day or two before, and the bank shelved steeply down with no weeds or water-plants to serve as a hold; it rose nearly

three feet above the water, and Roger could neither throw the boy up nor could he lift himself out of the water with his heavy burden in his arms.

"The tree!" he called again to Selma. "Hold on—to the tree."

A strong, low-growing branch of the walnut-tree reached nearly to the water's edge, and catching his meaning instantly, Selma knotted her handkerchief round it to give herself a hold, and clinging to it with one hand let herself half-way down the bank, stretching out the other hand to Roger. He caught it in a strong, firm grip—the bank crumbled, broke away, the branch creaked, the slender figure swayed and strained, and then Roger stood beside her on the grass with an inanimate little heap of dripping blue serge at their feet—the unfortunate and too inquiring Jim, whose investigations into the proceedings in the summer-house from an observatory in the walnut-tree had nearly landed him in a watery grave!

"You're not hurt?" said Roger, breathlessly, as Selma sank on her knees by the boy, almost as white as he, and trembling from head to foot.

She lifted her face to him instantly, as if the common sense of struggle and danger had swept away all self-consciousness from both, and said:

"No, oh! no! You have not hurt yourself? Oh! we must take him in! My poor little Jim!"

She bent over the dripping little figure again as she spoke, and Roger, coming hastily round to the other side, gathered it very tenderly in his arms.

"Poor little chap!" he said. "Did he fall off the tree? I wish he'd come to!"

They carried him into the house, walking quickly side by side, as they had not walked since their first meeting in the wood, their faces turned to one another in a common anxiety and a common interest.

Nearly two hours passed; everything was done that could be done, and the mischievous face remained still and quiet, as it had never been seen before except when Jim was asleep. At last, however,

when his mother was bending over him, all her resources exhausted, and nothing left her but to wait the arrival of the doctor, the freckled features quivered, the deadly pallor changed, and the eyes suddenly opened.

"You can see first-rate from that branch," said a little, thin ghost of a voice; "but it's awfully crocky."

Ten minutes later Selma ran down-stairs into the hall, where Nettie was trying to comfort groups of frightened, awe-struck boys.

"He's better!" she cried. "He's all right. Nettie, auntie wants you."

Nettie tore up-stairs, the boys dashed out into the garden with a wild whoop of relief, and Selma was left alone. She stood still a moment, the flush of excitement with which she had told her good news fading gradually from her face, and leaving it very white as she leant back against the oak balusters for support. Then she raised herself with a little sigh of physical fatigue, and moved toward a little door which led into the quiet, old-fashioned rose-garden. At the same moment the front door opened, and Roger came in. He stopped short as he saw her.

"Is there any change?" he asked, quickly. "Humphrey will be back directly." Humphrey had gone for the doctor.

Selma stood quite still, looking toward him just as she had turned on the opening of the door.

"He is better," she said, softly. "I do not think he is hurt at all. You have saved him."

He took two rapid steps and stood beside her, looking down into her face with eyes which she did not meet, though she did not turn her face from him.

"Not I," he said, in a tone which was the oddest mixture of diffidence and assertion; "I could have done nothing without your help. You saved us both."

She made a slight swift gesture of denial, and there was one moment's pause. But neither seemed embarrassed. The barrier broken down in that moment when their hands had touched in that desperate, straining clutch, was not to be re-erected.

At last he said, very diffidently, but not awkwardly :

"Are you sure you are not hurt? You look tired."

"Only tired," she said, lifting a pair of unconsciously pathetic eyes to his face. "My wrist is a little strained, that is all."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, and then he

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAITING.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

SIX o'clock! and as the mill bell announced the fact the whir and clang of machinery died away and was succeeded by the shouts of small boys who came trooping from the doors of the great factory. Soon a wide stream of humanity was surging toward the entrance gates. Following the boys came the young men with long strides, and after them the women and girls and great mass of operatives, and, lastly, hobbling along with the aid of canes, the veterans of the mill—men and women who had almost outlived their usefulness, but who were still kept on the pay-roll of the company.

A few minutes and the smoke hovering over the red chimney lost itself in the clouds, the night watchman came in with his lantern, the gates were closed, and another day's work was finished.

For all but the book-keeper. In his office he still bent over long columns of figures. Up and down, up and down his fingers moved until at last he raised his head wearily. It was too dark to see. Taking his hat from its nail in the corner he made a movement toward the door, but instead of going out he suddenly raised his hand to his chest with a low gasp of pain. For a moment he groped blindly for a chair, then sank upon the floor. Half an hour later he rose slowly and went out, carefully locking the door behind him. As he went down the steps he looked like an old man, his figure was so bent. But gradually his walk grew firmer, and by the time he had reached the little house at the end of the village

pulled himself up as she flushed faintly at his tone, and turned involuntarily toward the garden door. "Were you going into the garden?" he said. "May I—may I come too?"

Selma did not raise her eyes, and the flush on her tired face deepened as she answered, very softly :

"If you like."

he had regained his customary upright carriage.

"You are late, Felix," said a complaining voice as he entered the small sitting-room, "tea has been waiting nearly an hour."

"Yes, mother, I know," he answered as he stooped and kissed her wrinkled forehead; "but I could not possibly get away sooner. There is a press of work at the office and—"

But the thin hands were raised appealingly.

"Spare me, Felix! Your father never used to speak about business. That was left to the agent. If he had lived we would never have come to this," and she glanced around the bare room piteously.

"Poor little mother!" his voice was very tender as he rested his hand for a moment on her gray hair. "It is hard, but perhaps it will be all right sometime."

Something in the voice caused her lips to tremble a little.

"I do not mean to be cross, Felix," she said wistfully, "but everything is so different. Your father should have left a man in charge of the property. You are not to blame. You were only a boy and did what you thought was best."

He had heard the complaint many times before, but he answered simply :

"Yes, mother; I have done what I thought was best."

At this moment a tall, fair girl entered the room.

"Come, Felix," she said brightly, "I

shall not wait any longer. You must eat supper so I can wash the dishes. After that you and I will take a walk down by the canal. I want to talk."

"A reasonable want," he laughed as he followed her into the dining-room.

Except in age they were very much alike, this brother and sister; tall and fair, with warm eyes and quick, sunny smiles. Only about the temples of the young man—he was not yet forty—the brown hair was beginning to turn.

While he was eating the girl watched him anxiously. Suddenly she broke out with:

"I spent the afternoon with Dr. Broom's wife."

"Yes?"

"And—and she said that her husband had been talking about you—that you ought to leave the office."

"Yes. He told me something to that effect nearly a year ago and I believe has mentioned it several times since," he spoke lightly and helped himself to another biscuit.

"And you never told us?" reproachfully.

"What was the use? I was not ready to leave the office." Then he added whimsically: "I have arranged for a grand spree in August. Harry and Bess will be home from school and the four of us will go for a month's jollification among the Maine lakes. Aunt Betty will come and stay with mother."

For a moment she looked at him to see if he was in earnest, then, in spite of her twenty-two years, promptly mounted a chair and whirled a napkin above her head. Then she indulged in an energetic pantomime of a war whoop.

Felix watched her appreciatively.

"That's the way I feel," he said, "the mere thought of a vacation after fifteen years of office work is like a tonic. Now suppose I help you with the dishes and then we will go out and let you free yourself of the 'talk.'"

"Felix," she said a little later, as they were walking along the canal, "Dr. Broom's cousin arrived from Denver today. He said he would call on you soon and seemed very much surprised to learn

that you were only a book-keeper. He said that you had been one of the brilliant men at college and that great things had been expected from you."

Felix laughed a little.

"Bob was my class-mate," he said, "and naturally over-sanguine about his friend. It is the brilliant men who usually make failures."

He spoke lightly, but something in his voice caused her to draw nearer.

"Felix," she said, after a long pause. "I want you to tell me all about papa's affairs. We were mere babies when he died and you came home from college to look after things. But Harry and Bess and I are now old enough to take our share of the burden. It is our right to know."

She spoke earnestly and as they reached a broad belt of moonlight looked up into his face.

It was very grave.

"Father was careless," he said, "nothing more. We will not speak about him. The rest is very simple. I got a position of book-keeper and—that's all."

They walked on awhile in silence. Then she said:

"You have not told me all, Felix. Something has been troubling you all these years. I have felt it ever since I was old enough to observe. You have a good salary and make as much more by your magazine articles, and yet you never indulge yourself in anything. Mamma's talk used to make me think that papa had left considerable property, and Harry and Bess and I always thought that our school money came out of this. But lately I have doubted it." Then abruptly:

"Did papa leave anything—above his debts, I mean?"

"No."

"And—was there enough to pay his debts?"

"No."

"I suspected it. Now, Felix," speaking firmly and letting her hand rest caressingly on his arm, "you must be open with me. I am a woman now, and want to be a help instead of a burden. Harry and Bess will graduate next month and they feel just as I do. Papa's debts must be paid and it will be so much easier for the

four of us, working together, than for you alone." Then, hesitatingly:

"Is it very much?"

"No," smiling.

"And you will let us help you?"

"Gladly! You are already doing that—more than you imagine." Then, laughingly, "I am very proud of my children, Margaret. Not many bachelors have brought up such a promising trio."

"Bosh! You are trying to escape the subject. I want your opinion of my taking the Ridge school. Bess can turn housekeeper."

"Well, seriously then, I think you had better stick to your drawing. Your talent lies in that direction, and the Ridge school means hard work and poor wages. As to the debts, they are all paid and we have a small sum in the bank."

"Felix?"

"Yes. The last one was paid six months ago. Did you think I could arrange for a jollification with anything like that hanging over us? Now if the Maine woods do their duty I shall come back a new man and be ready for the fall campaign."

"The fall—what?"

"Campaign, my dear," he said, coolly, enjoying her amazement. "You did not know that my name was up for Senator. It has been kept secret for certain reasons, but to-day I had intimation that they were ready to go ahead, and with every prospect of success."

"But I—I did not know that you took any interest in politics?" she said, her voice trembling with eagerness and wonder.

"Nor have I—much," he replied, gravely, "I never dreamed of such a thing until I was approached on the subject. I thought my ambition was dead, but it seems I was mistaken. I felt almost frightened at the tumult the possibility awoke in me. And it pleases you, too, Margaret?" he asked after a moment's silence.

"More than I can tell," she replied, with a glad light in her eyes. "I have felt worried about you lately. It seemed so hard that after all these years there

could be no future for you but the musty office. It seems almost like the ending of one of your stories. It is rather late, but you are not very old."

Not very old! The words rang in his ears long after he had gone to his room. He had almost come to regard himself as an old man, but, after all, he was not very old. He was scarcely in his prime. A long future was before him—and it was very bright. Perhaps—

But with the thought came his old enemy clutching at his chest. He could feel his very lips grow white and faint with the sudden oppression. Blindly he sought the open window and sat down. The air was reviving, and gradually his strength came back and the sense of suffocation departed. But he could not forget.

"I will leave the office," he murmured, "and—perhaps—"

From the open window the sky presented a picture of rare beauty and brilliancy in contrast with the dark groupings of hills and forests. Millions of stars looked down, and away in the northeast could be traced the path of the Perseids. Somewhere under the line of shooting meteors he imagined was a country mansion, and in the mansion a fair girl with deep, tender eyes.

This was one of the dreams he had left behind. But the past few weeks had been restoring much which he had thought was lost and this came up with the rest. If there was to be a future for him this should form a part, and a deep flood of thanksgiving welled up from his heart as his eyes gazed into the majesty of the night.

Thinking of the sweet possibilities that parting on the bridge grew very near. He could feel the soft touch on his arm and hear the quiet voice as it said:

"Felix, your work is at home—and we are very young. When it is right you may come for me. I will be waiting."

And during all these fifteen years she had kept her word. Even now he had a letter in his pocket on which the ink was scarcely dry. They had lost their youth, but the summer and autumn would be richer for the waiting.

It was not until he heard the mill bell

strike three that he left the window. But even then it was not to sleep. His nerves were not ready for that. Over and over he reviewed the past and made plans for the future, and when the first summons of the factory bell brought him down to breakfast he told his sister that he had decided to give in his resignation during the day.

"I think I can do it and still be able to keep the wolf from the door," he said, with a smile.

"And I think so, too," she returned heartily. "Besides, we will all have more courage for work if we know you are out of that horrible office."

Several times during the meal she saw a sudden light come into his face and fancied his tones were even more tender than usual.

At last she spoke.

"Your thoughts are pleasant, Felix?"

"Yes, Margaret," he replied, smiling gravely, "they are pleasant—very pleasant. I will tell you about them sometime."

Before he went out he stooped and kissed her fondly.

She watched him down the path with a curious smile.

"If he was not so old, and if I did not know better," she thought, "I would say he was in love."

As the days lengthened into summer the chill and dampness of early spring disappeared and the air grew warm and balmy. Every evening they took a walk down by the canal, or out among the birches, west of the village. And every day Felix declared he felt better. "More open air and less books," he said, was all that he needed. "Only," he added with a smile, "I did not have the heart for it before."

But the two weeks' notice went by and still he remained in the office. There was trouble in the factory and it was difficult to find a man who could fill his place. So he stayed on till the right man could be found.

For a year past there had been labor agitations all over the country. Many factories had shut down rather than accede to the strikers. At other places a compromise had been effected.

Felix watched the approach of the movement with considerable interest. To a certain extent he was in sympathy with the strikers and felt they had many grievances which ought to be righted. But he abhorred violence.

For some time it seemed as though Moreton would escape the general agitation. It was a quiet place and most of the workmen were old residents and owned property.

At last it was the mill owners themselves who brought the point to issue. One day Felix received instruction to make an immediate reduction of ten per cent. on all wages. He took the letter to the manager with a grave face.

"Yes," said the latter as he saw it, "they have written me to the same effect. But it is impossible. I shall write and tell them so. Reduction now would be suicidal. The owners have not been here for years and know nothing of the condition of affairs."

But at the end of a week came another letter peremptorily ordering the reduction.

So Felix wrote notices and had them posted in all the departments.

An hour later a sullen delegation walked into the office.

"Where's the manager?" asked the spokesman.

"Here," and the manager stepped from an inner room.

"We came about this," holding up one of the notices, "if pay's cut we shall quit work."

"Very well!"

"An' you mean to cut?"

"I have no choice. I must obey orders."

"Then we'd like our money."

So Felix, at a nod from the manager, began to make out each man's account and settle with him. All that afternoon and the next day he was kept busy. As soon as one group left the office another came in, and when he closed the books, at the end of the second day, only his own and the manager's name remained. All the rest had joined the strikers.

Then he would have left himself, but, as a personal favor, the manager asked

that he remain another day or two—until some arrangement could be made.

"I have some money in the concern—more than I can afford to lose," the manager said, "otherwise I would be tempted to leave the owners to find their own way out of the hole they have dug."

There was little to do in the office now. They must wait instructions from the owners, who had been promptly notified of the trouble. On the second day a telegram came. It merely stated that one of the owners was on the way with new help.

"Frying-pan into the fire," groaned the manager as he handed the telegram to Felix. "Now we shall have riots on the streets and criticism in the office."

The next day they came, a mixed crowd of foreigners of half a dozen nationalities, and with them a short, pompous man of belligerent aspect.

"Now, gentlemen, now!" he exclaimed, as he entered the office, "let us get to work! The factory has been idle long enough. Take a list of the new help and then we'll put 'em to work. No more idleness. All it needs is tact and good sense," and he rubbed his hands together briskly.

"But what are we to do with them?" asked Felix, as he cast an amused glance at the motley crowd outside the office. "We have no empty tenements, and they must have some kind of shelter."

"Tents, sheds—anything. They'll not mind. They're used to it. But let us get to work!"

Felix caught a glance from the manager and said no more, but as soon as there was opportunity he put some of the men to cleaning out several unused buildings in the mill-yard. They would do for temporary quarters.

When it came to assigning the new hands to the various departments it was found that very few of them knew anything about a factory; many, indeed, had never been inside one.

At last the manager stopped in despair. "It can't be done," he said, "they're too ignorant."

"Oh! I guess not," interposed the

owner, "just let 'em get used to it and they'll be all right. All it needs is tact and good sense."

But on the second day even his complacent face began to look flushed and exasperated. Toward night he came into the office with wrath showing in every movement. "The blockheads!" he stormed, "the slow, stupid idiots! They forget the location of their own machines and need a guide to show 'em." Then, kicking a chair out of his path, he strode angrily to the window. After a moment he turned abruptly:

"I'm going home," and he started for the door.

"But what are we to do with the new hands?" asked the manager.

"Anything you like. Drown 'em if you think best," and he whisked through the door. But as he disappeared he called to Felix:

"Send a new book-keeper in a few days."

For some time the two men looked at each other. Then Felix said, with a half smile:

"What will you do about it?"

The manager moved his chair impatiently.

"Have to keep them awhile," he said. "They were hired for a month and had their expenses paid down here. Must let them work that out. Afterward I shall try to get the old hands back, even if I have to raise their wages. The owners will not interfere again."

Thus far there had been little trouble between the two parties. But as the new hands became accustomed to their surroundings they grew impatient at the confinement of the mill yard, and began to make predatory excursions about the country. For a time the villagers stood it, then retaliated by attacking the new hands whenever they met them.

Returning from dinner one day, Felix saw an unusual commotion near the canal. Several of the new hands were being surrounded by a crowd of angry men. Forseeing trouble, he hurried into the office and took something from his desk. Then he went out to the canal.

"What is the matter?" he asked, as he made his way into the crowd.

"Chicken thieves, 'n' we're goin' to fix 'em," was the prompt answer. "You'd better keep out of th' way. We aint nothin' 'gin you now, but if you go an' git mixed up with them furriners we might treat you 'cordin'."

But already Felix had passed on to the group of frightened men.

"Come with me," he said, quietly, "they will not hurt you," and with cowed, anxious looks the men obeyed.

"Now," he continued, facing the crowd, "you will let us pass. I will see that these men are punished."

But the line of angry faces grew darker.

"We'll do th' punishin'," said a big man, stepping toward him with a menacing gesture, "an' if you aint keerful you'll come in for a sheer."

But he stopped suddenly as a gleaming weapon was raised to a line with his face.

"You will let us pass," said Felix, quietly, "I am in earnest."

And awed partly by sight of the weapon but more by the cool, metallic voice of the man, the crowd stood silent while the little group passed through.

But hardly had it done so when a shower of sticks and stones filled the air. A piece of mud struck Felix on the cheek. Apparently he did not notice it.

The manager was standing by the office door.

"It was cleverly done," he said. Then he noticed the book-keeper's face.

"You are ill!" and he hurried down the steps and helped him into the office.

At the other end of the village the passengers were just alighting from an incoming train. Among them were two eager figures who scarcely waited to exchange hurried greetings with friends before rushing away. A few minutes later they burst into a small sitting-room.

"Mother! Margaret!" and the voices ringing through the house with joyous expectancy came to the mother in the midst of her nap, and to Margaret as she was bending over the kitchen stove.

After the greetings were over, Bess sank into an easy chair with a sigh of contentment.

"It is nice to be at home," she said. Then springing up she began to make an examination of the various articles in the room. At last she came to the table.

"What is this?" she asked, picking up a letter. "Oh! for Felix."

"The postman just left it," said Margaret. "I think it is about a story he sent away last month. I hope it is nice."

Harry had been standing by the window. He now came forward eagerly.

"Let me take it to the office," he said, "I am just longing to see the dear old boy."

And taking the letter he rushed from the house.

Twenty minutes later he came back with white, scared face.

They looked at him inquiringly.

"Felix is dead."

AN ALBUM VERSE.

BY ST. GEORGE BEST.

HOW many hopes are here expressed
On every perfumed leaf,
Each wishing that thou mayest be blest,
In lines however brief.

Perchance this page may strangers turn
In some yet distant year;
Approach, whoever will, and learn
My heart lies buried here.

"DAMAGED PIES AT A BARGAIN."

BEING A COMPLETE AND AUTHENTIC HISTORY OF A NEWS DISPATCH.

BY SAMUEL MERRILL, *of the Boston Globe.*



It was a windy night in Worcester. I mention the fact of the wind, for if the air had been still, the catastrophe would not have happened, and this veracious chronicle would have remained in the ink-stand.

It was a windy night; and Chin Sing and his friend, Wah Tong, kept in the lee of the buildings, as in Indian file they sought their home in Harrington Avenue. But as they passed the end of a narrow alley, a violent gust swept down, and bore away Chin Sing's straight-brimmed, flat-crowned hat. Chin Sing called to his friend to follow, and ran in pursuit of his escaping property.

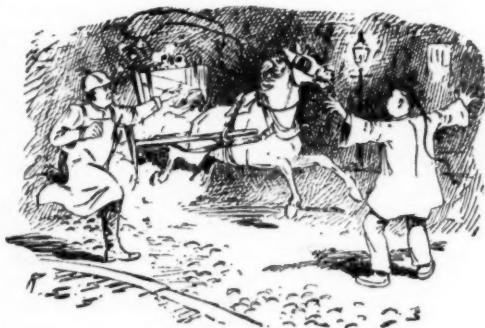
In doing so, he happened to run in front of an absent-minded horse, which earned a comfortable living by nightly service in collecting the city's ashes. The flowing skirts and equally flowing sleeves of the foreign raiment frightened the untraveled New England horse, and he accelerated his hitherto sober pace. His driver was walking beside the wagon, and called sharply to the animal to stop. The Chinaman, hearing the cry, changed his course, endeavoring to repair the damage he had done by waving his arms, and conjuring the running horse in eloquent and forcible Chinese to resume his previously deliberate pace.

In vain. The alien saved his precious neck by standing one side, and the four-legged servant of the city, now thoroughly terrified, plunged madly down the street. Driver and Chinaman followed after.

There is no evidence that the horse had

any special motive for his course, but he turned to the right at Perry Street, and ran down that deserted thoroughfare, now on the sidewalk, now in the middle of the way. At Spruce Street, he turned again, perhaps with a vague idea of seeking out his own home at the city stable. But his speed was too rapid, and the radius of his curve too great for streets so narrow; so he surprised himself by running into the ample window of the shop on the corner.

There was a rattling of glass, and an overturning of the wagon, and then all was still. The immediate cause of the disturbance found himself penned in between the ends of two counters, unable to advance or turn, and prevented by the *débris* in the rear from making a retreat. And it was such a queer place—so unlike his stall at the stable. In front of him, upon shelves, were several tins of biscuits. The place in general was the strangest he had ever been in, but the biscuits were familiar friends; he had often, since entering the city's employ, found them,



moldy or broken, in barrels of refuse which he was sent to collect at the rear entrances of hotels or bakeshops. He tasted some from the nearest tin. So much fresher and better than he had ever before eaten! He ate all that were easy of access, and then tried the confection-

ery. Just as a box, broken and empty, told the fate of five pounds of chocolate caramels, the driver came upon the scene, closely followed by the Chinaman.



The driver set to work in an effort to extricate the vehicle and horse, but with very inefficient co-operation on the part of the latter, who found his position more agreeable than when hauling ashes through the city, and his provender

much more palatable than that furnished by the municipal authorities.

The Chinaman stood helplessly by, too terrified even to seek safety in the seclusion of his own laundry.

Mr. Jones, the Worcester correspondent of the Boston *Daily Press*, was returning to his home from the telegraph office, where he had just filed his report of an exciting session of the Common Council.

Patrolman Blucher had finished his nap in the entry-way leading to Eckstein's cigar factory, and was strolling up the street to where he usually made his next resting-place, when he met Mr. Jones.

"Anything stirring to-night, Blucher?" asked Jones.

"No; all's quiet, I believe," replied the officer. "Oh! by the way. There was a runaway down the street there just before you came along, but I don't suppose it amounted to anything. The horse turned into Perry Street, the driver after him. It's on McCorrigle's beat."

"It isn't much out of my way," said Jones; "I think I'll look round there. Good morning."

The scene of the disaster was soon reached. The driver had impressed the

Chinaman into service, and, by lifting and pulling, the cart had been righted and nearly extricated, the horse reluctantly retreating with it.

It was 1.35 A. M. Mr. Jones did not volunteer to assist in the work, for if a paragraph about the event were to appear in the Worcester edition of the *Press*, there was no time to be lost. Two or three questions to the driver, and a hasty inspection of the premises under the glare of an electric light, furnished him the needed facts, and he started on his return to the telegraph-office.

He quickly had his dispatch half finished, and handed the sheet to the nocturnal agent of the telegraph company. The operator secured the attention of an operator in Boston, and then the wire pulsated with the electric current, while a medley of dots and dashes told in Boston a brief story of the accident. Before the operator finished the first sheet, the rest of the dispatch was handed him, and Mr. Jones started again for his home.

It was 1.58 when the Worcester operator received the first sheet of the dispatch. At 2.08 he had sent the signature. It was 2.08, accordingly, when the Boston operator finished the dispatch, marked it with the number of words to be charged against the *Press* in its monthly bill for telegraph tolls, and handed it to a boy



in waiting, who carried it to the clerk. The clerk ran the dispatch through a copying-press, entered it upon his book, and sent it by pneumatic tube to the of-

Form No. 25.

No. 123 W

Collect kite press
The Western Union Telegraph Company.

Letter

Sheet 1

Dated

Worcester Mass

Reg'd at 2 8 am M.

To

Press
Boston

Feb 10

189

An Chinaman named Chin Sing who keeps a laundry at 222 Harrington Ave. was walking on Main st early morning his hat blew off. He set out in Pursuit of the hat and as he did so ran in front of a horse attached to a city cart engaged in collecting ashes. The horse took fright at the Chinaman and rear down Main st into Perry st at the corner of Perry and Spruce st. the horse broke through plate glass window of J. B. Keith's bakery and confectionery shop when overtaken by driver he had eaten six doz chocolate and five pounds of chocolate Caramels and the Pie counter had been buried under eight barrels of ashes. the horse is threatened with dyspepsia but otherwise uningured

Jones

131 wds

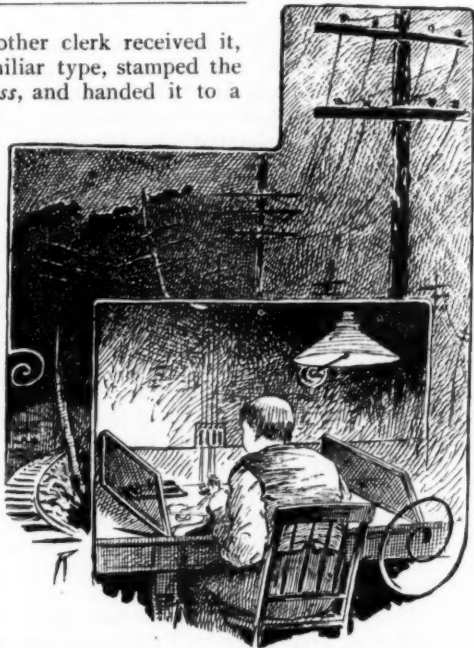
fice on the ground floor. Here another clerk received it, inclosed it in an envelope of the familiar type, stamped the envelope with the name of the *Press*, and handed it to a messenger boy. It was now 2.12

A. M.

Messenger No. 67 reached the *Press* office at 2.28 A. M. The dispatch was handed to a boy in waiting upon the street floor, by him put into a leather cylinder like a dice-box, the cylinder inserted into the end of a brass tube, the end of the tube closed by a hinged cap, and a lever pressed. There was a hissing sound for two or three seconds, a ring upon an electric bell, and it was as good as a written receipt for the dispatch from the night editor himself, up on the fifth floor.

"Here's a scrap of Worcester," says the night editor, taking the dispatch from the office boy on duty at the upper end of the pneumatic tube. "It's rather late for the edi-

tion, but you may jump it up if you will, Mr. Slawson. Two twenty-eight!" he adds, looking at the clock. "It's time the first page was going;" and he goes up to the composing-room to supervise the final "make-up" of the page, determining what must be printed and what may be left over, giving preference to general New England news at the expense of local matter, in which the country readers are supposed to be less interested. An hour or so later he will be "making-up"



the same page again ; this time throwing out the country matter and making room



for Boston and suburban news, to meet the needs and tastes of readers of the city edition.

Mr. Slawson took the dispatch and read it, "editing" as he read. He struck out the formal matter in the heading of the telegraph blank ; marked the date-line to run in at the beginning of the paragraph ; struck out superfluous or unimportant words or sentences ; indicated what abbreviated words should be spelled out by the compositor ; corrected errors ; supplied deficiencies ; and made the copy conform in all respects to the rules of the office. "It isn't worth while to

advertise old Chin Music's laundry," he said to himself, as he crossed out the first two lines of the dispatch. "Early this morning," and he crossed out some twenty words more, "a horse attached to a city *ash*-cart" (making one short word do the work of three or four longer ones) "took fright at a Chinaman and ran down Main Street into Perry Street," and he made the usual "ring period," to avoid the possibility of mistake on the part of the compositor.

Mr. Slawson continued to the end of the dispatch, marked the number to indicate to the compositor the size of the rule which was to follow the paragraph, and then wrote the head-line. The correspondent had added a facetious sentence at the end of his dispatch, and the news editor in the same spirit wrote a whimsical head-line. He marked the head "14," that being the number by which that particular style of type is known to the office.

Jones

Damaged Pies at a Bargain. (14)

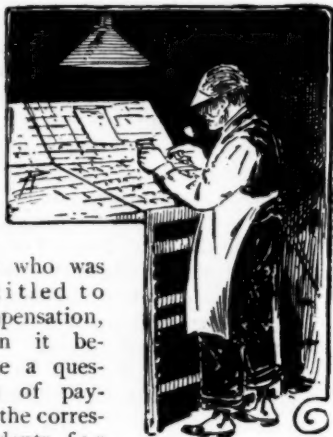
Dated Worcester, Mass., Feb. 10, 1899

As a messenger named Chin Sing who keeps a laundry at 122½ Franklin Ave. was walking on Main St. Early this morning he let his off. He sat on a bench of the lot and as he did so saw in front of a horse attached to a city cart engaged in collecting ashes. The horse took fright at the Chinaman, and ran down Main St. into Perry St. at the corner of Perry and Spruce St. the horse broke through the plate-glass window of J. A. Keith's bakery and confectionery shop when overtaken by the driver he had eaten six dozen biscuits and five pounds of chocolate caramels, and the pie counter had been buried under eight barrels of ashes. The horse is threatened with dyspepsia, but otherwise was uninjured.

131 total

4 Jones

Above the head-line, he wrote the correspondent's name, so that the managing editor should know who was responsible for the dispatch, in case it should prove to be grossly inaccurate, and to show



also who was entitled to compensation, when it became a question of paying the correspondents for their services at the end of the month.

It was 2.28 when Mr. Slawson received the dispatch, and at 2.32 it was making another rapid flight through a pneumatic tube, this time into the "copy-room" of the composing department.

The "copy-cutter" cut the dispatch into two parts, so that two compositors might be working upon it at the same time. He marked the separate parts with a letter, to indicate the "galley," and with a number, to indicate the position in the galley where each compositor should place his matter when it was in type; and then laid them upon "the board," a sort of counter where the compositors came to be supplied with copy.

The first "take" fell to the lot of "Slug 81," as the eighty first compositor on the office list is known. The next man to finish his previous "take" and come for more copy was "Slug 14." "Slug 14" received his "take" of copy at 2.35 A. M.

At 2.44 both compositors had finished their work upon the Worcester dispatch.

A proof-boy took the "galley," or long brass frame designed to hold a column or less of type-matter, and

"proved" it upon a proof-press. The galley contained several other news dispatches besides the one whose fortunes we are following. The proof and the copy were now again placed in a leather cylinder, and sent by pneumatic pressure up into one of the proof-reader's rooms. The proof-reader read aloud the contents of the galley, the "copy-holder" following him with the original manuscript. Correcting with a pencil as he read, the proof-reader soon had marked the errors left by the compositors, and the proof was returned to the composing-room.

The "slug" numbers show not only who are entitled to pay for setting the type, but also who are expected to make the needed changes and corrections. "Slug 81" corrected his own mistakes, and then, as "Slug 14" had made only one error, he was also required, under the rules of the office, to continue correcting. As soon, however, as he came to a "take" in which two or more errors had been made, the compositor at fault would be required to take up the task.

With the correction of the proof, the "slugs" of the compositors and the lines giving credit to the correspondents and reporters were removed, and the matter was ready to be locked up in the form.

EIGHTY-ONE

Jones

Damaged Pies at a Bargain.

WORCESTER, Mass., Feb 10—Early this morning a horse attached to a city ash cart took fright at a Chifaman, and ran down Main street into Perry street. At the corner of Perry and Spruce streets the horse broke through the plate-glass

FOURTEEN

window of J. B. Keith's bakery and confectioner's shop. When overtaken by the driver he had eaten six dozen biscuits and five pounds of chocolate caramels, and the pie counter had been buried under eight barrels of ashes. The horse is threatened with dyspepsia, but otherwise was uninjured.

It was now just three o'clock. The eighth page was nearly full, the remaining pages having already gone to the stereotype-room. The galley of type was placed upon a small but strongly-built

table, beside a similar table having a heavy cast-iron top. Both tables were mounted on large casters, so as to move freely over the iron floors of the room. Upon the table with the iron top lay the matter which should appear upon the eighth page of the morning paper. Little space remained unfilled; and when our Worcester dispatch and two or three



other pieces of country news had been placed in the form, the page was full. There was some lively hammering for half a minute, by a man in his shirt sleeves, while with mallet and wooden block he "planed" the form, bringing all the type to the same level; and then another man, by a few turns of a wrench, "locked" it up, and with a minimum of ceremony the table was trundled off to the stereotype-room. The composing-room clock showed four minutes past three.

Another little table was in waiting, and the form was pushed from one to the other; by the turn of a crank, the top of the second table was lowered to the level of the "matrix-rolling" machine, and the form was transferred to the bed of the machine. The matrix paper, resembling a sheet of wet blotting paper, was laid on the form, a thick blanket over it, and the form was carried by steam power under a heavy iron cylinder. By this means the matrix paper received an exact impression in reverse of every letter and every line in the page. Hardly a minute had elapsed since the form reached the stereotype-room, and the form was now ready for the drying-press.

This apparatus resembles an ordinary office copying-press, but is larger and much heavier. The bed of the press is heated by steam, and there, under pres-

sure, the matrix is dried upon the form of type.

Less than three minutes suffice for this process. The mold, now resembling embossed card-board, was trimmed, powdered chalk was dusted over it, and it was placed in the curved casting-box. The box being closed, it was placed nearly upright, and two scantily-clad men dipped from the melting furnace a heavy ladle of type metal, and filled it. In a minute the stereotype plate was hardened sufficiently to be removed, and now in quick succession followed the processes of trimming and finishing, and the final work of shaving out by steam power the inside of the plate so that it should be of uniform thickness, and fit exactly the cylinder of the press. Seven minutes have elapsed since the form left the composing-room, and the stereotype plate now starts by elevator on its long journey down to the press-room in the basement.

The hour is 3.11 A. M.

In the press-room an ominous silence prevails. The presses are waiting only

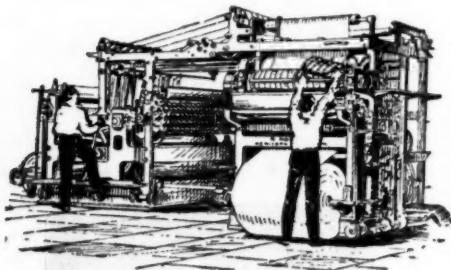


for the eighth page, the others being already in position. In rapid succession, duplicate plates of the eighth page are received, placed on the cylinders of the several presses, and clamped in position, and then one by one the presses start. As they consume the great rolls of white paper, and turn out rapidly in return an endless succession of papers, already

folded and counted, the din becomes deafening.

The papers are carried to the mailing and delivery-room, and here, although the manufactured product is finished, the hurry does not cease. Mailing clerks hustle copies of the *Press* into their brown paper jackets, which have already been addressed. A force of men also receive, count, and bundle up the papers for news-dealers far and near, and the bundles are loaded upon wagons, to be delivered at the various railway stations.

The *Press* has many thousand papers to deliver to country dealers and subscribers, and the printing machines are kept busy for some time to supply the demand. Later, new stereotype plates, for two, or three, or four of the pages, as the case may be, will be received in the



press-room, and the presses will noisily manufacture the city edition. This in turn will be bundled up in the delivery-room, and sent to dealers at hotels and railway stations, and at news-stands of high and low degree throughout the city and suburbs. A little later still, a swarm of newsboys will begin to arrive, soon to be clamoring at the counter of the delivery-room for their papers, the number of papers in each case being determined by the tickets which they present to the delivery clerks, and which they have purchased at a sort of "box office" near by. In this manner is handled the "circulation" of the *Press*.

The production of a newspaper is at every turn bound about by rules and time-limits—by red tape, if you are pleased to call it so—all designed to secure promptness and accuracy in the presentation of

the news to the reading public. If you sometimes find an error in a news report, kind reader, stop and think before you



criticise the fidelity and industry of the profession—could you, doing the work under similar conditions, promise that your work should always be infallible?

It is half-past six on this tenth morning of February when the first train from Boston arrives in Worcester. The hour is early enough for even the earliest risers among newspaper readers, and there is no need of the special newspaper trains which deliver the Sunday papers within a radius of a hundred miles or more of Boston.

At the Union Station, a group of news-agents, some proprietors of imposing news-stands, and some boys in tattered clothes, are in waiting, and promptly storm the baggage-car to secure their invoices of papers. The local delivery system once in motion, the purveyors of the news quickly disappear in their several directions, and it is a matter of minutes merely when, at private houses in all parts of the city, morning papers are being left, to be served with rolls and coffee at the breakfast table.

Mr. J. B. Keith, baker, is at his home suffering with influenza.

He is improving, and soon after seven this morning he rises, takes his quinine, and while waiting for breakfast to be brought to him in his chamber, he glances at the news in the morning paper. He is a reader of the Boston *Press*. Stirring



head-lines, telling of wars and rumors of wars, crimes, casualties, and political combinations, city government quarrels and legislative debates all have little of interest for an invalid reader.

He is about to lay the paper aside, when an obscure head-line, "Damaged Pies at a Bargain," catches his attention. It is in the line of his own trade, and he reads the dispatch.

Damaged Pies at a Bargain.

WORCESTER, Mass., Feb. 10.—Early this morning a horse attached to a city ash cart took fright at a Chinaman, and ran down Main Street into Perry Street. At the corner of Perry and Spruce Streets the horse broke through the plate-glass window of J. B. Keith's bakery and confectioner's shop. When overtaken by the driver he had eaten six dozen biscuits and five pounds of chocolate caramels, and the pie counter had been buried under eight barrels of ashes. The horse is threatened with dyspepsia, but otherwise was uninjured.

Good heavens! Worcester; Perry and Spruce Streets; J. B. Keith! What

things have been happening while he has been asleep!

What things, indeed! The aid of hundreds of men has been invoked to inform



Mr. Keith of the accident at his own bakery—the aid of thousands to present to him the news of the whole world, and for the price, merely, of one of his own muffins!

A PARABLE.

BY W. P. PHELON, M. D.

IN a Farmer's granary stood a basket of potatoes ready for planting. Away down at the bottom of this basket was also a little black seed, common, solitary, and alone. The potatoes, large, overgrown, and numerous, presumed to take umbrage at this tiny black seed, lying so quietly at the bottom of the basket, so they questioned it, something after this fashion:

"Hello, little one, what are you doing here? Are you a potato?"

The little Seed humbly answered, "No."

"Are you wheat?"

The Seed said, "No."

"Are you the great corn?"

Again the Seed said, "No."

"Then," cried the potatoes, "who are you?"

The Seed answered, "I don't know."

The potatoes mockingly said, "But we know what we are, and that which we are now, when the summer is ended and the harvest is gathered, we shall be then. We are potatoes now, and we shall always be potatoes."

But the little Seed said, "I don't know what I shall be. Nor do I know if that which I am is to be the sole end and aim of my existence or of my growth. But I feel something stirring within me which says much may come out of my efforts if I but try to do my best."

But the potatoes were disgusted with the seed, and said, "If he is not a potato, he must be a very ordinary person indeed. He can never amount to much." So they let it alone, for which it was exceeding glad, being content to be by itself and in silence.

On the following day the Farmer car-

ried the basket and its contents to the field, and deposited them one by one in the bosom of Mother Earth, there to await whatever incident might come to them in the future. When he had finished there remained in the bottom of the basket some dust and small waste pieces. Among them was the little seed. Going into the fence corner, where stood a tree blasted by lightning, the Farmer emptied his basket of the refuse, and with it the seed. As he turned to go away, it chanced that his heel crushed the seed into the moist earth at the spot where it had fallen, and there it lay a captive in the soft soil.

The potatoes, seemingly the larger and the better of the two, and apparently of much the most consequence, were covered into the soil with laborious toil; the weaker and the more insignificant seed was barely impressed upon the surface by accident. It so happened that the tree in this fence corner was at the crossing of two roads, so that travelers went four ways from it, North, South, East, and West.

Nights followed the days and dawn chased away the shadows. The sunshine and the rain each gave the necessary assistance, and out of the infinite ether came the call to the latent germ life in both the potatoes and the seed.

By and by forth from the ground came the sprouts of the potatoes, strong and coarse, but with vigorous vitality, ready to forward their own interests in the push toward the sunlight. At about the same time a pair of delicate leaves peeped up through the soil, where the seed had been planted, having a more fragile texture and a fairer color.

The potatoes said, "See this fellow, he is trying to ape us; but he is not a potato, and there is no use for him to try to grow." The chaffing and derision were persistent.

The little plant knew it was not a great, hulking fellow, like its neighbors, but then it kept on growing just the same, not in a straight, upright stalk, but as a vine, running along the ground.

Then the potatoes said, "See the fellow, he cannot stand alone. He lacks

strength, vigor, and knowledge. He is nothing but a crawling thing anyway."

The vine said nothing but went along, doing that which it found to do with the utmost assiduity. Soon it reached the roots of the old tree, and the tendrils which grew out of the vine finding the cracks in the wood, caught into them, sturdily lifting the vine little by little toward the heavens. Thus the growth went on, until it had twined completely about the tree. Nor did the mocking clamor from the broad field cease, but grew longer and louder: "See this weakling, who must hold on to an old tree to get away from the ground; who would be so earth-bound as that, not we!"

But from the vine came no word indicating that it had heard any of this senseless jargon. It only continued to grow. And now there was less ridicule from the potatoes, for the vine had sent out side branches, and the tree from base to top was draped with a covering of bright green leaves. That which had been an unsightly object is a thing of beauty. And lo! one morning when the sun arose were seen, dotted here and there over the billows of green, countless blossoms of purple and blue and pink and white. It was like a rare painting in its blending of colors, and one that an artist might study with advantage. The potatoes, in their robust ugliness, looked toward the pillar of green, and there was no more loud raillery.

As the sun grew hot in the heavens, and the delicate petals of the flowers shrank from his torrid fury, whispers came from the field of tubers, saying: "Ah, ha! the fellow is losing his decorations." But no answering vibration was heard from the vine. When the following morning dawned, again the vine was covered with blossoms, this being the manner of it. So that which did not know itself before it had unfolded became, when developed, a beauty to the physical sense, laying hold also upon the spiritual.

One day, in the freshness of the morning, a man and a woman and a sick child came driving by. They stopped at this corner, and the child's attention was attracted to the mass of blossoms. Its

quiet beauty so entered her nature as to completely change the vibrations, and from that hour the disease with which she was afflicted was healed. The life thus saved to the world was a very valuable one, an important link in the great chain of causation, of doing and finishing. Even the man and the woman, holding for a season this gift to the world in trust, were uplifted and made better for all time by this vision of perfect harmony. This was but one of the many things the vine was able to do. All who went by this place in the morning or in the evening, recognized its beauty, and were lifted to higher planes of living by the contemplation of the seemingly useless that had been so transformed and transfigured into the beautiful.

The potatoes were still potatoes, and that which they produced was of the earth, earthy. They grew within the earth, and were devoted to the sustenance of the physical. There was nothing in the outer air or sunlight powerful enough to inspire or lift them above the rut or common routine of existence.

Those who looked upon the vine had no thoughts in connection with the physical, but all emotions were an aspiration toward the greater—toward the good that is in manifestation.

Is it not true that those who are content to linger along the dead levels of life, satisfied with the simple doing of commonplace duties in a tread-mill fashion, desiring nothing beyond the clods and a share in the material conditions of mere existence (although serving a purpose in a physical way), cannot expect uplifting? Whoever seeks the higher levels must not consent to remain satisfied with the surroundings of earth contact, but they must perform the duties that lie along the spiritual planes, lifting themselves toward the upper air, taking hold of whatever has power to draw them into the best thought for the development of the hope, beauty, and symmetry of their lives.

There is yet another thing that can be noticed. After the vine had begun growing there was no power on earth that could reverse or change the order of its growth. The right to choose the order of sequence is man's birthright; but once having chosen, and placed himself in the grasp of inexorable and immutable law, no power, visible or invisible, can put aside the final result of inter-linked events.

Is it not best for us, then, to earnestly seek wisdom, as the one thing to be greatly desired?

BREAKING THE RECORD.

(A STORY.)

BY MARION HILL.

AFTER Sam and Kitty were married, whether they lived with us or we with them was a question which worried our friends more than it worried us; for we lived most amiably all together—Sam, Kitty, the Baby, Bessie, and I. The house, certainly, belonged to Sam, and Sam paid the bills; but we girls managed affairs for him, and he liked it, for Kitty was such a helpless body that she couldn't even take care of her own baby when it came. Where "the B." was concerned, Sam *must* have appreciated having his sisters-in-law live with him.

Sam was really a nice fellow. He was as happy-go-lucky and as easy-tempered as the rest of us. According to the law of contrast, our sister, Kitty, ought to have married a bustling, uncomfortable man who would have wanted his house kept clean, and his meals served on time, and a host of other objectionable things; but Sam was worse than all the rest of us put together for good-natured indolence. Once in awhile, though, he used to put his foot down; and then there wasn't one of us women who dared to say a word. But, thank fortune, he was gen-

erally very amenable. He talked the least of any man we knew. He rarely said four words consecutively. He maintained that we met all requirements; but the true reason for his taciturnity was that he lived in such an art maze that it was too much trouble to come down to earthly matters.

His studio we occasionally turned into a family gathering-room because it was large and light; and it was through this usurpation that we became acquainted with Richard Blythe. He came by invitation to watch Sam paint, but Sam forgot to tell us, and, as a consequence, when Dick was shown into the studio he found three talkative young women there, and a baby kicking in the middle of the floor—the artist being insignificantly in a corner. Mr. Blythe faltered:

"Excuse me, Hazard. Am I intruding? You—you said—"

Sam glanced up. "That you, Blythe? Come in. Only the girls. They won't mind you. Make yourself at home." And he actually went on painting without another word! He left the young man standing awkwardly in the middle of the room; left him to find out for himself which "girl" was which.

Bessie, who was also painting, and who looked outrageously pretty in her blue wrapper, was the one in whose identity young Blythe showed immediate interest. He approached *her* easel.

"Are you—'Kitty?'" he asked, with shy audacity.

Bessie blushed furiously, and rose.

"That is Mrs. Hazard by the window," she explained, "and this is my other sister, Elise."

"And that is our niece on the floor, and the young lady in blue is Bessie," completed Elise, stolidly.

Kitty who, although married, has no dignity, began to laugh. Her rudeness set us at ease, and Dick remained all the afternoon. He was a radiantly handsome young man, and seemed to know a little of everything from baby-raising to art. The pains he took helping Bessie to achieve a certain shadow effect she was attempting would have melted a heart of stone.

He came the next Sunday, and the

next, and the next; and he professed a passion for art that deceived us all; and he asked Bessie to teach him; and she did; and with heads bent over the one canvas, with fingers clasped round the same brush, they learned just nothing at all of painting, and everything of the easier lesson of loving.

Finally, Dick dropped in at all hours of the day and night, had a regular seat at the dinner-table, helped take fraternal care of the B., was consulted on family affairs, and coolly appropriated Bessie in season and out of season. Occasionally of an evening he would play chess with Sam. Dick always lost, so Sam liked Dick immensely. Very pleasant evenings we used to have. Bessie and I would sew, while Kitty played on the violin. Sam or Dick usually held the peacefully sleeping B.

People who heard the fact for the first time used to appear surprised to learn that Kitty played the violin; but nevertheless she performed astonishingly well. Bessie and I acknowledged secretly that Kitty was a bit of a hypocrite. She imposed upon Sam shamefully, yet so seraphic did she look when playing that we could easily see how it was that Sam thought her an angel. In the eyes of mankind Kitty was a fairy that the weight of a feather would tire; and Kitty, in the flesh, although strong as a little horse, used to foster the delusion. Many a time would Sam take the violin out of her hands for fear she might over-weary herself, and Kitty would positively allow him to rub her wiry little wrists, and never turn a hair.

Of all our happy evenings two or three stand out vividly from the rest. On one of them Dick by a golden chance checkmated Sam, and leaving that astounded man to play the game all over again by himself, Dick joined us girls, and asked us a momentous question. To cover his embarrassment he picked up the B. and began pulling her long garments into comfortable shape. Then he blurted, "Girls, may I marry Bessie, and come into camp?"

"O Dick, *Dick!*" cried Bessie, in an agony of blushes.

"Hush, darling. You know you are going to marry me! You said so long ago."

"*Marry Bessie!*" I cried, making each word a yard long.

"What are you shouting for?" asked he, half angrily. "Haven't you known it all along?"

"Well, we certainly *guessed* it," said Kitty, and roared.

"O Kitty! how can you laugh?" asked Bessie, half sobbing.

"How can you cry? is more to the point," retorted Kitty.

"But you never told us!" I went on, in broad astonishment.

"I didn't know you needed to be told so patent a fact," answered Dick, jumping the B. up and down upon his knee, and looking at us defiantly.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked Kitty, still laughing.

"That's just it," said Dick, rather anxiously. "Bessie and I want to come into camp, may we?"

"If by 'coming into camp' you mean living here with us, and constituting the fifth head of the house, why, come along!" said Kitty.

"Then it is all settled?" asked Dick, imploringly.

Bessie ran to Sam and laid her curly yellow head on his shoulder as she knelt beside him.

"Sam, dear Sam, will *you* let us?"

"Yes, darling, yes," he said, putting his hand over her head to move one of his pieces. "Let you do what?"

"Let us live here, Dick and me, when we are married."

"Certainly. Why not? Put another leaf in the table," he said with vague hospitality. Then he began rubbing his nose with a castle, and frowned—symptoms that he had done with our affairs.

And so the matter was settled. From that moment Dick began to scold us. He was our brother.

A few evenings later he told us all there was to tell about himself.

"In marrying me, Bessie," he said jokingly, "you don't marry a large family. I am the last of our noble race."

"No relations?" asked I.

"Not an aunt to my back. A pity, too, for the stock was a good one. A handful of trumps, Bessie dear, and your intended the only knave in the pack."

"Dick!"

"Fact, darling; I haven't any principles. At any rate, so Gridge tells me."

"Who's Gridge?" asked Kitty.

"Me employer."

"Is he good to you, Dickybird?"

(There is no need to name this idiotic inquirer.)

"Good? No. He's a beast."

"Really?"

"Metaphorically, darling."

"How is he a beast?"

"Oh! he so wretchedly straight-laced! He never was young himself and he won't let any one else be young. He is a nauseating compound of a Mede and a Persian, a Spartan and a Roman father."

"Oh!" said Bessie, slightly bewildered.

"Not at all," said Sam.

"Oh! you know him, do you?" asked Dick.

"Heard of him. Grand man. Strictly honest."

"That's it," concluded Dick. "He's just too beastly honest to live. If he were not so virtuous he would be liked better. 'A little lying now and then is relished by the best of men,' as the good book says."

"O Dick! don't!" said Bessie, earnestly. Truth was truth with her, and a joke on sacred things was most unpalatable.

"I won't, dear," he answered, honestly contrite, and taking her in his arms. "Keep me straight, Bessie. I have never had any one to tell me what was right but you. Don't ever give me up, little girl, or it will be the ruin of me."

Then they mumbled to themselves for the rest of the evening, and weren't at all entertaining. Lovers *do* plunge into sentiment so suddenly.

The wedding day was set for May, and we found ourselves busy preparing for it before we knew where we were. The poor little B. was passed from hand to hand, and was a secondary consideration altogether. Dick said, fortunately it was

"all of our babies," or else it would have sadly lacked care. Dick was fobbed off upon Sam as the days went on, for Bessie was needed constantly to try on this, or try on that, till she was nearly worn out. Such a pleasure as it was to make things for Bessie, for in each thing she looked lovelier than in the last. Poor Dick did not have even the satisfaction of seeing her in her gorgeousness, for we kept them all from him as surprises. March! you have no idea of how quickly March came upon us! And for all the pleasure it brought us, it might have stayed away altogether.

I remember the evening perfectly, nor am I ever likely to forget it.

The same old group—Sam and Dick in a corner over their inevitable chess; Kitty lazily drawing scraps of melody out of her violin, Bessie dreaming Madonnawise over the sleeping baby, and I making a pretense of sewing. The door-bell rang, to our intense surprise, at about eleven o'clock.

"If that's a visitor, Sam, freeze him out in the torture chamber until he goes," said Dick.

The torture chamber was our hideous parlor, fitted out with horse-hair abominations of the last century. We kept the room mostly for bores, neighbors, and church people.

Sam promised, and went out smiling. As was our ill-bred custom we held our breaths in an endeavor to hear what was going on. Strange voices. Men. Long silence. Sounded like a whispered conference. Suddenly Sam called for Dick, and strangely enough called him "Mr. Blythe."

"Me?" whispered Dick in disgust. "Why *me*?" And he went out grudgingly.

Our attempts to overhear were frustrated by the men going into the torture chamber and closing the door. Another long wait. They were insufferably quiet, so we women waited and wondered. Presently we heard the new-comers go away again, and we became all agog to hear what Sam and Dick had to say. To our surprise Sam came back alone. He had a dazed look on his face.

"Where is Dick?" asked Bessie.

"Gone. He asked me to say good-night for him."

"Gone? Something has happened. What is it?"

"Some trouble of the firm's. He has been sent for."

By this time Sam's face had grown quite white, and we well understood that he was trying to hide something.

"I don't believe you. Tell me *all*!" demanded Bessie, harshly.

"He told me to tell you all. Perhaps I had better. It may be a mere nothing. No one can tell. He has—that is—it is embezzlement. He is arrested."

"Sit down," said I, abruptly, shoving Bessie into a chair. She rose again, unheeding, asking incredulously:

"Not *arrested*, Sam? Not Dick? You didn't mean arrested, did you?"

"Did they handcuff him?" asked Kitty, with a tactless curiosity.

"No. Be quiet," said Sam, angrily.

"Tell us what you know," I urged.

"There is very little to tell, girls. Dick quarreled a week or so ago with the senior clerk, and the fellow threatened to investigate Dick's books and make trouble if he could. Dick never thought of the affair again until to night when he was served with the warrant."

"Such insolence! walking into my house like that!" scolded Kitty. Then furiously, "As if Dick could steal!"

"O Kitty! Dear Kitty!" cried Bessie, flinging herself into her sister's arms, and beginning to cry violently.

We were all standing. We would have felt it a tacit insult to Richard if we had sat down and been comfortable. Our experience had never before taken us into the domain of arrest and we felt stranded. We could only go over and over our meagre scraps of information, and commiserate Dick, and pet Bessie, who cried almost incessantly. After awhile the B. woke up, too, and wailed dismally.

Sam put away the chess table, leaving the pieces untouched. "Let us go to bed," said he, sensibly. "It is late, and we can do Richard no good by sitting up."

Bessie raised her tear-sodden face, and

asked with the sharpness of grief, "Where is Dick *now*? What do they do with arrested people before they're tried? Is he in prison?"

"Yes, I am afraid so. Yes, Bessie."

Instead of bursting into new tears, Bessie hardened perceptibly. "Will you take me to him to-morrow, Sam?"

"To the city prison, Bessie?"

Then in answer to her mute look of indignant love, he answered hastily:

"Of course, dear; to be sure, we'll go."

"I am so frightened. Why do we have to wait like this?"

"Preliminaries," answered Sam, oracularly.

"Ready now, sir; this way," and a brisk official reappeared to guide them to Dick's cell.

Bessie could hardly drag her feet through the stone corridors, so great was her dread of finding Dick chained by one leg to a clammy wall. The workings of the law were an awful mystery to her.

"Courage, Bessie; here we are. It's all right, now; here's Dick."

"*Dick!*" she cried, in transport, flinging herself into his ready arms.

"My true heart! my blessing!" he murmured, kissing her with a reverence that Sam felt to be profaned by his presence. The two looked at each other as though they had been parted for years. "Was it only last night?" thought Sam, bewildered. And now Dick was shaking his hand violently.

"Bad box," was all the comfort he could find to say.

"But the room—Sam—it's much better than I expected," expostulated Bessie, with great relief.

Dick, who was cheered into all his former radiance and light-heartedness, took her again in his arms.

"Don't move away, darling; let me feel you near me. If you only knew the agony I suffered last night fearing you might wash your hands of me. And to think you stand closer to me in spite of the disgrace—"

"Disgrace? no disgrace. Do you

think I believed for one moment that you would touch anybody's wretched money? My dear, what nonsense!"

All the light faded from Dick's eyes, and he looked at Sam with a dawning despair. Bessie felt the change and looked up. Dick's wan face struck pallor to hers. She strove to free herself, but he held her tightly, and tried to explain in a voice, which grew hoarse with excitement,

"Everything is wrong. You don't know the truth—I *am* guilty; that is, I *did* take the money. O my dear! don't, *don't!*"

She had forced herself away from him, and was clinging to Sam, crying out, "Take me home! Take me home!"

Dick put his hand to his heart as if the words had struck there, and felon or not it was impossible for one to look at him and not pity him. He fell on his knees and caught at her dress.

"Don't turn away from me," he besought her. "Listen! The money was to have been returned, every cent of it! It was only borrowed. Any other man but Gridge would have given me a chance. Now *you* are against me. I can explain everything. If you will only listen!"

Bessie dragged down Sam's head to whisper in his ear a last prayer. "Take me away. Take me to Elise." Then her weight pressed so heavily upon him that he knew a blessed insensibility had overtaken her.

"I'll have to get her out, Blythe. She's fainted, I think. Don't be down-hearted. She is not quite herself."

Without a word Richard let them pass out of his sight. A grayness settled over his face, and dropping heavily into his chair he let his hand fall upon the wooden table, as if he were crushing something very frail indeed. His solitude and shame were complete.

Not a word did Bessie speak on the way home, though she recovered sufficiently to walk.

"Tell the girls," she said, curtly, on entering the house, "then come up-stairs in the studio. I want to speak to you."

A few minutes later he rejoined her there. She questioned him at once, fiercely:

"He will be found guilty? He will be sentenced?"

Sam nodded.

"It means imprisonment for a number of years?"

"Yes."

"He is only twenty-three!"

She was walking aimlessly up and down the long room, twisting a Roman scarf around her waist. Occasionally she stopped in front of the cheval glass to arrange a fold more picturesquely, yet, it is doubtful if she saw beyond her unhappy thoughts.

"The proceedings must be stopped. I don't know when or how. You are a man and know about these things. How can we get him out?"

"Escape?" asked Sam, helplessly.

"For Heaven's sake be rational, be modern! Escape? No! Ira Gridge brought the suit, let him withdraw it and set Dick free."

Sam pondered, raking up his scanty legal knowledge.

"It can't be done," he said, finally.

"Why not?"

"Because Gridge is not in control any longer. He is merely the prosecuting witness. He can't wash his hands of the affair now, any more than Blythe can."

"I don't see what you mean. If it is not Gridge's business, who's is it?"

"The community's, the State's," vaguely.

"Then we are helpless?"

"Quite."

"The law must take its course? Dick's life at twenty-three must be blighted? Nobody can do anything?"

"Nobody."

"Oh! it is terrible, it is merciless!"

She threw herself into a big chair and stared in a horror-stricken way at Sam, who had taken up a tube of expensive madder and was squeezing out of it an ornamental dotted border around his palette, while he formulated a slow design.

"To be sure," he began, thoughtfully, "if the amount were refunded, and

Gridge refused to prosecute, and at the same time a sum of money was put where it would do most good, say in the hands of the district attorney, for instance, the chances are the whole thing would fall through somehow."

"O Sam! would it?"

"But *who* would refund the money, and *why* should Gridge refuse to prosecute," went on Sam, ponderously.

"And who would dare bribe an official?" asked Bessie, with awe.

"No bribery at all. Gridge finds out, suddenly, that his father owed district attorney's father a big bill. Outlawed now of course, but the principles of a man of honor, etc., etc.," and Sam felt himself so unequal to delicate innuendo that he helped himself out with a wink, a wink that seemed to creak and be in want of oiling.

"Then it rests with Gridge, after all?"

"In a measure."

"He *must* refuse to prosecute!"

"Slim chance."

"Is he such a hard man?"

"Cast iron."

There was a pause, during which Sam awoke to a sense of his thriftlessness, and began painstakingly to scrape his madder together with his palette-knife.

"Has Dick any friend who has money to lend?" asked Bessie, at last.

"He has *one* who might manage to raise a little," promised Sam.

Bessie understood him.

"We have been nothing but a trial to you, ever since you married us," said she, with a stab of compunction.

"Still we are no nearer to a way out of the mess than before," he concluded.

She neither confirmed nor denied this statement, but thoughtfully left the room.

If one remembers that we three girls were arrant cowards; that we always did things in phalanxes, as it were; that not one of us had courage enough to buy a postage stamp unsupported by the other two; and that our dread of sternness in masculinity amounted to sheer idiocy; then the heroism of Bessie's next course will be appreciated—she went that evening, alone, and without even telling us, to bring Ira Gridge to terms. Ira Gridge

—of whom even Sam had a wholesome awe.

His house on Van Ness Avenue chilled her at the start. It was so imposing and grand beyond her plebeian experience. The carpets were so very thick, the servants so very numerous, and there seemed to be such an unnecessary number of parlors!

Mr. Gridge was going out to dinner and could see no one.

"Just a moment. Something to do with the firm—the embezzlement," faltered Bessie.

Mr. Gridge would see her in the library. He was at his desk writing under the soft gleam of a lamp. He was in full evening dress, the stiffest of all armor, and his firm old face was as impassive as a bronze cast. He courteously invited her to be seated, then proceeded to finish his letter. That done, he took his watch from his pocket, laid it open, suggestively, upon the desk, then wheeled sharply around and asked with business-like curtness:

"What can I do for *you*?"

"You can refuse to prosecute, and can let Mr. Blythe out of prison," she answered, most literally; then she fairly gasped at her own temerity.

"And who sent you here to say that?" he asked, with evident anger.

"Nobody. I, myself," was her unconscious quotation.

"And what do you suppose *I* can do?"

"You are only the prosecuting witness, I know," she said, in glib remembrance of Sam's words, "but if you were to refuse to prosecute, and the amount embezzled were refunded, the chances are that the whole thing would fall through somehow."

"Oh! it *would*, would it?"

"Yes, and—oh! I was forgetting—if some money were placed where it would do most good, in the hands of the district attorney, for instance, it would help things along."

"You think so?" with intense and increasing exasperation.

"Oh! no bribery. But if you found out that *your* father owed *his* father a big

bill, outlawed of course by this time, your principles, as a man of honor—don't you know—" here she broke off and looked yearningly into his angry eyes.

Bessie weighed about ninety-six pounds. Seated in Ira Gridge's immense reading-chair, proffering her bits of advice with a hearty assurance of equality, she doubtless amazed Mr. Gridge as much as she annoyed him.

"Who told you all this?" he asked, astutely.

"Sam."

"Oh! *Sam*; and who is Sam?"

"My brother—brother-in-law."

"And what relationship do you bear to Richard Blythe?"

"Oh! no relation! He's just a—just a—"

"Just a *friend*, I suppose?" very keenly.

"Yes, that's it, just a friend," relieved.

"And why did not Sam come?"

"I don't know. Nobody asked him to, but he would have been afraid, I think."

"Afraid of what?" angrily.

"Of you."

Ira Gridge viewed the five feet of courageous femininity before him, and asked, with a sarcasm all thrown away:

"Oh! and so *you* came in place of Sam?"

"Yes."

His next question was apparently irrelevant.

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen, nearly eighteen."

"Well, there is some truth in what you have lately stated, Sam and you together; but one phase of the affair you both seem to have overlooked entirely. You seem to shut your eyes to the fact that the young man has committed an offense punishable by law, that he has no more claim upon the sympathy of the community than a dozen others in the same predicament, moreover that I have neither the right nor the inclination to save him from the future he has courted, nor do I mean to make the attempt."

"Oh! don't say so cruel a thing!" cried Bessie, despairingly.

"My dear young lady, things which may seem hard and cruel to you are indubitably just and right. Painful as this occurrence must be to you and your friends, justice must go its length. As a man of integrity looking at it in a purely business light, I have not the right to connive at such a flagrant breach of trust."

"To think that his future is in your hands!"

"I beg your pardon, it is not. Granted that the proceedings are stopped, what is the young man to do when liberated? Where turn for employment. Even the biggest scoundrel wants an honest man to keep his books."

"But *you* could take him back! Indeed he would never do it again!"

This childishness of expression so exasperated Ira Gridge that he rose to terminate the interview; but this movement started Bessie into courageousness and she pleaded with him unreservedly. Long the unequal contest raged, only to leave Bessie utterly broken down, miserably defeated, and helpless; while Ira Gridge held obstinately to his resolve and talked from the same exasperatingly high moral platform as before.

Finally to end the conversation, which must have already lasted an hour, he put on his overcoat and began to arrange a silk muffler around his throat, saying:

"I am sorry you have put yourself to this useless inconvenience, sorry you have suffered all this—this emotion, sorrier still to send you away without one word of encouragement; but the young man has broken the record of an old and honorable family, and must face the consequences. Good evening."

Bessie rose with a desperation which was almost madness, but instead of going to the door, she walked to the desk, took up the capitalist's watch, and began to detach the little milk-white Masonic seal which hung from the chain. He looked at her in amazement.

"My father, who is dead, taught me what this meant," she said, in a shaking voice. "You are going out to dinner you say. Do not go among men, then, with the badge of an Order to which you have no right to belong."

She threw the seal on the desk, and handed him the watch. For insolence the deed could not be outdone. His face turned purple. He put his hands on her, and drew her under the rays of the lamp.

"Are you insane?" he demanded.

"No; not insane; but I love him so! I love him so! And we were to have been married in May!"

And all uninvited, she clung to him as if he had been a near relative, and, sobbing, hid her face upon his dress coat.

Married in May! The words had a mighty significance for him. Hanging upon the watch-chain in his grasp was a little gold ring bought years and years ago for one who was to have married *him* in May, but that she had found a grave under the violets of that very month. Married in May! He could see the forgotten, rain-worn tombstone, "Sacred to the memory of Ada." He felt that part of his nobler self, somehow lay too in that far-away English grave. Married in May! And he had it in his power to save the girl who was weeping against him some of the agony which had been his when that grave was young. If his heart could have broken through the restraint of years, a message would have gone up to Heaven—"For your sake, Ada."

Indeed, Bessie was out of his thought altogether, even while he put her aside with the words:

"There, there; don't cry so. I will do what I can."

For several days after this exploit we treated our youngest sister as a heroine and martyr. She was indifferent to our homage, and devoted herself to the B. On the evening of the third or fourth day Sam burst in upon us, saying,

"Here's Dick!"

"Dick?" We started to our feet. In rushed the boy, looking as handsome, as devil-may-care, as bright as a boy just out of school.

"Girls, girls, how glad I am to see you again. Don't cry, Elise. That's right, kiss me again, Kitty, I like it." Hastily escaping from our embraces, he turned with radiant thankfulness to Bessie. She looked him gravely in the

face and stopped him dead. My heart gave a bound. Knowing Bessie's unforgiving honesty well, I knew what was coming before she spoke.

"I am glad you are out of trouble, glad that I had anything to do with freeing you, but the old feeling I had for you is gone somehow. It is better to tell you at once. I cannot love you as I used, but I can be your friend." As a gage of that inestimable friendship she held out her hand. I am glad to say he did not take it. He dug his nails into his palms, but raised his head high.

"And you?" he said, low, to Sam, "I have not heard from you yet. Is your old feeling gone somehow?"

Sam pointed to the chess-table and said, incoherently, "any time you like, Blythe."

"Thank you, Hazard, but it's good-bye forever this time." He drew a choking breath, and caught the B. from Kitty, who, wonderful to relate, was holding it. He pressed his strong young face against its tiny crumpled one in a mute adieu. Then he gave it back to Kitty, and went on:

"It will be impossible for me to come back into this dear home feeling that I am less to you all than I was. As long as I live I can have nothing but the most grateful love for every one here, but I will keep myself and my disgrace well away from you. Mrs. Hazard, and you, Elise, will be in my heart whenever I hear the trust and gentleness of women mentioned. Pray for me every night that I may be cured of my deep, deep love, or it may be too much for me to bear."

He drew a worthless little forget-me-not ring of Bessie's from his pocket and offered it to her. She turned away and pressed her working face against the window.

"I have no need of forget-me-nots," he said; and stooping down he placed the ring on the B.'s tiny finger and closed her pink hand over it.

Then he left the room, and Sam methodically followed him.

"I compliment you," cried Kitty, fu-

riously, to Bessie, "you have done a good day's work!"

"Hush," said Bessie, listening. The silence was broken by the muffled slam of the front door as it shut in the distance, and as if it had been the report of a gun which had shot her she fell to the floor.

It was the beginning of an illness which lasted many weeks. After her recovery, things went on much in their old way—we ate, slept, worked, even enjoyed ourselves after a fashion. Sam plodded on with his painting, never saying much, and neither upholding nor condemning Bessie in the step she had taken. She, who used to work so brightly side by side with him, now would sit for hours before her easel, with her hands dropped idly in her lap. May came; and when May went we noticed for the first time how thin and pale she was, and how much she coughed at night. The word "consumption," whenever we saw it in books or papers, seemed at last to strike us in the face. She, herself, seemed utterly unconscious of her weakness. And, oh! how terribly we missed Dick, with his fun, his anecdotes, and his careless, lovable ways. We heard of him occasionally, by stealth as it were. He was back again in the employ of Ira Gridge & Co., but whether or not Bessie was aware of this we never dared ask. Not that she held herself aloof from us; oh! no, she was too loving and dependent for that; but her sorrow was too sacred a thing for us to pry into.

The doctor, whom day by day we believed in less and less, declared that she had no organic disease and would rally in time; but as the next May came nearer we were forced to the conviction that Bessie was getting ready to leave us. We could not use the sadder term, indeed we could not speak of it at all; we only looked into each other's eyes and let the miserable tears speak for us.

On the anniversary of the day set for the wedding, late in the afternoon, she made us dress her in her old bright blue dress, discarded long ago.

"And my ring, Kitty," she said, without a trace of emotion.

"Your ring?" asked Kitty, blankly. She had forgotten.

"Don't say it was lost," said Bessie, faintly. "Dick gave it to the B. I thought you would keep—"

"Oh! I know!" answered Kitty, with exaggerated cheerfulness. "I have *that*. I'll get it for you."

It proved too large for each finger in succession. As I made the discovery, the tears crowded my eyes, and I could not wipe them away for fear Bessie might see them. When they grew too many, three or four fell almost at once upon her hand.

"What are you crying for?" she asked, sharply. "What has the doctor been saying?"

"Nothing, indeed," I answered, eagerly. "He says you will get stronger after awhile."

"But what do *you* think? What did you cry for? Do you think I am going to—"

"No! no!" I cried, almost with a scream. "Don't say such morbid things. I was crying because you are so weak, so—"

"That will do," she said, with a frightened look. "You need not prevaricate any more. Sam! Come in! Carry me down-stairs, please. I am better to-day, I am well! Don't I *look* almost well? Why don't you answer me?"

"Give me time," he answered, lifting her. "You are certainly heavy enough. I declare you weigh more every day. To-morrow I will make you walk."

"There!" she cried to us, in triumph. "He thinks I am getting stronger." Then dropping her head in utter fatigue upon his shoulder, she murmured, "Get me down-stairs quickly, Sam. I am very, very tired."

As we made our slow procession into the sitting-room the door-bell rang. I answered it. Angels and ministers of grace! it was Ira Gridge! Dingy as I knew our home to be, an extra pall of shabbiness fell over it when that grand old gentleman crossed the threshold. The torture chamber and that ducal personage? Never! Besides he wanted to

see my youngest sister, Elizabeth; so taking my courage in both hands I brought him into the sitting-room. Sam bolted with a mumble. Kitty rose in evident trepidation to do the honors, but Bessie merely looked at him with quiet curiosity.

"I heard of your illness, and so made bold to return your call, and to have a little chat with you." He smiled gravely, but no answering light shone in Bessie's face—Bessie—who was always such a smiling, blushing little thing.

"Won't you sit down?"

"If you will let me." He drew up a chair and said a few sentences on general topics, with an ease and courtesy which made him appear an old friend, until, bit by bit, the rampant surprise disappeared from our countenances, and he felt free to confine his attention to Bessie.

"You look tired, and perhaps do not feel like talking. So let me do most of it. Do you remember? You evinced a lively interest in my watch chain once. May I, then, give you the history of this little ring?"

Then in the most natural way in the world he told her the love story of his youth; told it quietly—prosaically almost; but to us, on the threshold of our own tragedy, the recital seemed touched with a wonderful pathos. His stern, imposing personality reflected a certain grandeur upon the simplicity of his narrative. Bessie was the least moved of any. She heard him to the very end, only to ask, with the gentle selfishness of sick people,

"Is this all you came to tell me?"

"No, I came to give you *this*," and he offered her his Masonic seal. She colored painfully, as he went on, gravely—"You thought me unworthy of wearing it. Perhaps it will be more in place with you."

"You accuse me of uncharitableness, then?" she faltered.

"I want you to accuse yourself," he answered, with a gravity which was almost displeasure. "I am in the story-telling vein, it seems. Let me interest you in the story of a young friend of

mine. He is a trusted clerk in my office, and has recently passed through a deep trouble with a heroism which has called for my sincere esteem. He has more than redeemed his mistake in the past."

"You are talking of Mr. Blythe," interrupted Bessie, coldly.

"Yes, of Richard Blythe; the young man whom you threw over when you found he did not possess some purely imaginary virtues you had bestowed upon him."

At this odd accusation, Bessie proudly lifted her head, but the stern old gentlemen went on, unmoved.

"Perhaps you fancy you are nobly sacrificing yourself for principle's sake; in all probability you are merely nursing a wounded vanity and foolishly refusing to see the many good qualities the young man has, and always did have, though you did your best to cover them out of sight with ideal attributes. How quick you women are to thrust your friendship or your love upon men, with never once caring if you have, or have not strength enough to stand the trials to which that friendship or that love is certain to be put. I can fancy how the coming years will work to take the sweetness and sunniness out of Dick's nature; how his heart will sneer when he hears about the strength and beauty of woman's devotion; how, in spite of his efforts at reformation, the very loneliness of the struggle will wear out his resistance, and how easily in a miserable moment he may give in to the seductions of evil living—with no woman's hand to hold him up, no children's voices to give him strength."

An absolute fear showed on Bessie's face, and admitted that she appreciated the probability of this utter downfall. Kitty and I felt numbed into silence to hear this strange old man dealing so plain-spokenly with a subject which had been sacred to our silence for a year. Every time Bessie paled or flushed with emotion, every time her weary head fell back upon the cushions, or was lifted in weak defense, we felt we ought to interfere for her very life's sake, but we posi-

tively lacked the courage to stem the reproaches of her inexorable accuser who still went on tearing the sentimentality of her attitude.

"If a woman has it in her power to prevent the degradation of a fellow-creature, and yet turns resolutely away from this responsibility, she has certainly more to fear from a retributive justice than the man she brands as a criminal."

He rose to go. "Blythe told me this was to have been his wedding day. He is a very unhappy man, and I intend to help him fight off the loneliness of what must be for him a torturing anniversary. You have disappointed him more than he ever disappointed you, but, with a generosity beyond yours, he loves you yet. I had had some wild idea of interceding for him, but I see I am wasting my time. I wish you good-evening."

Bessie rose also, and, with clasped hands and an expression of breathless hope, she asked an odd question:

"Have you heard him *say* so? Have you *ever* heard him say so?"

"Say what?"

"What you have just said—that he loves me still?"

"Yes, I have heard him say so, once or twice." (then relenting) "He is always saying so."

"Oh! send him to me!" she said.

"What for?" he asked, looking upon her sudden beauty, unmoved. "To have you gush over him awhile, and then taunt him every now and then from the summit of your superiority with his wrong-doing? Oh! no."

"With *his* wrong-doing?" she asked. "Do you know what has been killing me, slowly, day by day, for over a year? It has been the terrible fear that he would never, never forgive me!"

Ira Gridge paused with his hand on the door. "Is that true?" he queried, judicially.

"As true as—Heaven," responded Bessie, looking up as though upon oath.

"In that case," proceeded he, opening the sitting-room door, "I shall ask him to step in; he is waiting for me on the street."

"He is not," spoke up Sam, coming,

with a second figure, out of the torture-chamber. "Found him prowling about outside and brought him in."

"Oh! forgive me, forgive me!" prayed Bessie, not daring to step toward Dick.

He drew back a moment as if he

thought her words a mockery, but soon seeing that the agony of her self-reproach was sincere beyond all question, he—

But it is very useless to go on. I am crying now as I cried then, and as I mean to cry every time I think of that re-union.

CHATTERTON.

THE STORY OF A LITERARY LIFE IN THE LAST CENTURY.

BY M. CORBET SEYMOUR.

"**P**AINT me an angel with wings and a trumpet so that he may trumpet my name all over the world," said a boy of eight years, when asked by a friend what he would like best as a present on his birthday.

And the end of that dream of fame was a coffin, flung into the unblest grave of a pauper burying-ground in Shoe Lane, London, while the deep bell of St. Paul's sounded above all the other bells that rung out the hour of midnight.

The father of Thomas Chatterton died somewhat before the child's birth, leaving his widow with one little girl to a dire struggle with poverty.

He had for many years been the sexton of St. Mary's, Redcliff, which stands on an eminence in the ancient city of Bristol as a splendid memorial of the architecture of past days.

From his babyhood the little Chatterton attached himself to the old church as to some living friend. The neighbors spoke of him as a "half-saved idiot" when they saw the tiny form rambling contentedly among the gravestones of the churchyard, or passing from monument to monument of the superb church with his large, dark eyes bright with intelligence. Here, he would stop by the marble effigy of some Dean who lay robed and with hands crossed reverently on his breast as though praying; there, it would be some representation of a knight templar in chained armor and with mailed hand ever on the hilt of a marble sword, or a family group—father, mother, and children kneeling with open books, and

all frilled and quaintly attired. There was not one which was not familiar to the little fatherless child, and as he grew older the history of St. Mary's, Redcliff, and all its treasure of brass and marble and splendid painted windows became his constant study.

Who can pretend to describe the workings of his childish mind, his thoughts and aspirations as he lived among the memories of the past?

Time rolled by. A new bridge in place of the old city bridge was about to be erected, when the wisest scholars and antiquarians of Bristol were thrown into a state of great excitement by the appearance in one of the journals of the account of a procession of friars as long back as the opening of the ancient bridge. The editor of the newspaper was applied to, and he could only say that the manuscript had been left at his office by a poorly-dressed lad, who went away without saying a word.

This only deepened the mystery. The document was characteristic of another age. The spelling was obsolete, the style quaint, and the description of costumes was all so correct that it could not be other than the transcript of some valuable and musty old document.

Some effort must be made to discover its source, so the editor accompanied a friend to Colston's blue-coat school, and from out the boys who were called forward he singled Thomas Chatterton as the one who had left the remarkable manuscript at the office.

The lad was blushing and downcast,

but refused to say much even under the promise of reward. All that he disclosed was that he had been employed by an old gentleman to transcribe an ancient parchment, and that other such documents were in existence.

There was a certain worthy citizen of Bristol whose weak point was a longing to be able to boast of distinguished ancestors. To him the boy Chatterton appeared one day not long after the incident just recorded, crying: "I have found your pedigree. This is your coat of arms which has been lying amongst some old parchments; and as much of the pedigree as I have been able yet to make out."

The deception was perfect. The crumpled parchment bore indisputable marks of great age; it was yellowed and stained by time and begrimed with the dirt of centuries.

Attached to it was a seal of antique mold and on the shield were displayed the quarterings skillfully emblazoned, and beneath was the name "*De Berghem*," and an elaborate pedigree in which the ancestors of *Mr. Burgum*, of Bristol, figured among the highest of past generations.

The vain old citizen was delighted. He gave the boy five shillings, which seemed to them both a handsome reward, and with this money young Chatterton purchased an old Saxon dictionary which he knew would be an invaluable aid to his future projects.

To another resident in Bristol—a Mr. Barrett, who was a well-known lover of historical treasures—he furnished a good many documents which he said were copied from old parchments illustrating the history of the various churches of the city. Mr. Barrett was then engaged in writing a history of Bristol, and he was charmed to possess compositions such as these, full of learning and possessing, both in orthography and style, the characteristics of a past age. Who, indeed, could have supposed them to be the productions of a charity-boy? Who would have imagined that young Thomas Chatterton, of the blue-coat school, was possessed of such prodigious skill and learning? From

this time he isolated himself more and more, and would give no account of his occupations when shut within his room. He frequently sent contributions to newspapers and magazines, but always under an assumed name. When he had reached the age for leaving school, his mother's poor circumstances forced him—though unwillingly—to accept the drudgery of a clerk's post in an attorney's office; but when he had an hour for rest or recreation he was off to his mysterious labor, securely locked in from all inquiry and observation.

Let us now follow him to his place of seclusion.

Over the northern porch of St. Mary Redcliff Church is an octagonal room which held in former times sundry oaken chests that contained the records of the monastery of St. Mary—for this reason it is called the muniment room.

Owing to his childish habits and the liberty given him because of his dead father's connection with the church, this muniment room was a familiar corner to Thomas Chatterton.

It suited his purposes exactly. There he need fear no interruption, so there—he wearied by the toils of the day and the ceaseless struggle with pinching poverty—he would hasten, toward the hour of midnight, and, with a lantern concealed under his cloak, ascend the dark, winding staircase which led to his retreat. Seating himself on one of the chests, let imagination picture him selecting a piece of parchment from these stores and taking from a recess in the wall a box containing the materials he needed for his extraordinary and clever method of manufacturing manuscripts.

Day after day his boyish brain produced poems of unusual beauty, but he knew that if he—a poor and unknown lad—published them as his own, they would not buy him bread. So, once the composition finished and inclosed into obsolete English by the aid of the dictionary purchased from his first earnings, Chatterton took a piece of parchment from the fragments lying in one or other of the oaken chests and began operations by writing his poems upon it.

The ink he used was of his own making. It was of a rusty yellow color, and whatever was written with it looked like very old and faded calligraphy. He was too clever to produce entire poems—they were always mere fragments; these, and scraps of music, accounts of expenditures, portions of sermons, he declared to be the work of Rowley, a monk of the old St. Mary's monastery, which, by good fortune, had come to light from out the records of bygone times.

When the transcription then was written out in this yellow ink, Chatterton crumpled the parchment, rubbed it over with ochre and other pigments, passed it to and fro above the flame of his lantern, and finally stamped on it with his feet. Having undergone this process, the parchment showed every evidence of being a genuine antique, and so expert had the young artist made himself that the very best judges were deceived. Some few cautious persons did indeed express a doubt of their authenticity, but they were silenced by the enthusiastic admiration of the majority. The periodicals of the day were filled with speculations concerning these documents that evinced such learning and such acquaintance with past times (scholarly men talked of little else than the monk Rowley who had left such a wealth of information to posterity).

Pale and haggard, Chatterton would leave his toil at last. "Another laurel for the monk's cowl!" he would murmur as he glanced over his last completed deception.

"But how will this end? Shall I be found out? What can I do, driven as I am by the inexorable hand of poverty? that poverty which makes me an object of contempt for the tradesmen of Bristol! London is my goal, the place to which destiny points me. To London will I carry my talents or else to the grave."

We may picture the unhappy and ambitious stripling snatching up his lamp, descending the stairs, and leaving the church, but not to return at once to the garret where he slept. Treading the narrow streets and lanes of old Bristol, he would make his way to the bridge which had been the subject of his first fiction, and

there stand gazing moodily into the river as one who almost longed to end life beneath its waters.

One night Chatterton left the bridge and hurried through the gloom to the dreary burial place of those whose friends can afford them no tomb among the rich, no stately monument, no gilded epitaph. It was a forlorn place indeed, a flat stone here and there serving to mark the spot where one or other took his last long rest.

Beside a stone somewhat better and larger than the rest Chatterton remained standing—it was the grave of Richard Savage, the subject of one of Dr. Johnson's best biographies; he whose name was familiar enough in English literature and yet, who ended his terrible career in the neighboring prison, and whose remains were laid in that spot at the cost of his humane goalers.

"Is Bristol to starve me into a second Savage?" exclaimed this brilliant, but half-maddened lad, turning from the grave to seek the house of the master whose insults, and even blows, seemed unendurable.

Before he lay down Chatterton wrote by the light of a fluttering candle that extraordinary document, his "will," which is still in existence, and whereby he distinctly announced his intention to commit suicide. After a brief time of sleep he woke up in a calmer frame of mind, but to find that it was later than the usual hour at which he had to begin his daily drudgery. In his haste to get downstairs he forgot to secure the "will," and was startled somewhat afterward by seeing his master enter the office with the paper in his hand.

"Is this in your handwriting?" asked Mr. Lambert, angrily, and on Chatterton's acknowledging the authorship he bade the boy instantly to quit his house and his employment.

With a proud gesture the fiery young fellow closed the book in which he was writing. "No need of a second command," he cried, "so now for London!"

Then, as now (perhaps then, even more than now); the mighty city was the great reservoir of talent; there went those for whom fortune had in store a

bright and golden future, and those who entering with a capital of hope and courage were destined to leave with broken hearts and crushed spirits, or perhaps to sink into unnoticed graves. Truly has our great London been called at once the resort and the grave of genius, sometimes the rewarder and sometimes the betrayer of those who seek her favors.

Thomas Chatterton was but in the seventeenth year of his age when he bade his mother and sister farewell, looked his last on St. Mary's Church, and, poor in worldly goods, but rich in hope, set forth for the great metropolis. He had forgotten the fate of Richard Savage in the joy of attempting a new career. He had all the splendid energy of early youth, and the consciousness of possessing that *ferè sacré* which belongs to genius; so he flung to the winds his gloom and his fears, and set forth to win the fame he had longed for as a child of eight summers.

Chatterton had the habit of saying that the word "impossible" was unknown to him; that a man had been sent into the world with arms long enough to reach anything, if he would only be at the trouble of stretching them before him. He had indeed some reason for this belief drawn out of his own previous experience. He was only the son of a poor widow, only a boy educated at a charity school, but he had managed to acquire an amount of knowledge which far surpassed the knowledge of those whose early days had been more fortunate. Unhelped by any one this lad had made himself master of old English manners and customs, he understood heraldry, and the grandeur of his poetic ideas placed him almost beyond rivalry.

By dint of untiring industry and vast patience, then, did young Chatterton manage to procure a precarious subsistence during the first weeks of his life in London. But he found there no sale for antique literature, and it was fortunate that he had a versatile pen for—under an assumed name—he not only wrote a series of political letters, but furnished several clergymen with sermons and supplied three or four bur-

lesques for production at Vauxhall, which was then the popular place of amusement.

Booksellers were ready enough to give him employment, but when it came to *payment* they had always excuses for delay, and the poor youth often knew not how to procure the commonest food.

Disappointed, friendless, suffering constantly the pangs of actual hunger, it is no matter of surprise that Thomas Chatterton fell into a state of mental gloom and despair which should merit our pity rather than our harsher judgment. Such judgment should be reserved for those whose heartless neglect drove him to desperation!

At the end of five months this lad of seventeen felt that his dream of success was a delusion, that fortune and happiness were like some tempting shadow which would always escape his grasp.

For three days he had not tasted food; hunger and fierce despair might be read on his face as he sought the door of Fell, the bookseller, and again entreated payment of the trifle due to him.

That application was made in vain, and, walking away with shaking limbs and the giddiness which comes from actual want, the poor lad sank down on the doorsteps of a church and wept in bitterness of spirit. Had there been one good Samaritan to go to his aid, that young life, that young, strong genius might have been preserved for better things; but no one heeded him.

Rising at last, with desperate resolve he made his way to the shop of an apothecary, and, assuming the coolness of manner necessary for such a purchase, asked for arsenic.

In those days there was not the same difficulty in obtaining it as there would be in our own. With the one penny, which was all he possessed, he bought enough arsenic for his purpose, and hurried to the poor place he called home.

On the next morning he was found lying dead on his wretched pallet with half-destroyed manuscripts strewn about the floor of the chamber, and sufficient memoranda left behind him to reveal the secrets and the sufferings of his brief life.

"Too late" came the recognition of his genius and the forgiveness of the foible which had led him to personate the monk of old time. Living, Thomas Chatterton was overlooked, despised, censured, and left to starve; when he was dead, Byron and Shelley could laud his poetic power; Wordsworth speak of him

as "that marvelous boy;" Keats dedicate *Endymion* to his memory. And seventy-five years after his death his native city erected a monument to the honor of his genius—a monument without a tomb, for that tomb was, as we have already seen, in the pauper burial-ground of Shoe Lane, London.

INTO THE PAST.

BY FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON.

SOME pallid, exquisite carnations set
In the fragrant handful of mignonette—

From out of the days that used to be
They had been gathered and sent to me.

I crushed them close, both flower and stem,
And the cry of my heart went out to them.

The present slips from my listless hold,
And I stand in the land of Youth and Gold;

Of murmured music, and soft wind-song;
Of storm, and jesting, and tears, and wrong;

Of love, and laughter, and quick caught breath;
Of dreams, and daring, and doom, and death.

And this land is the land I used to know
In the dead, dear days of the long ago.

I pass unheeding—from East to West,
Sob answers the song, and sigh the jest;

There are lips to kiss, and lashes to rise,
And revelations in lifted eyes.

There are dreams to shatter, and crowns to break,
There are worlds to ruin, and stars to stake—

But I pass unheeding—in all the place
I only seek for her single face—

The curve of throat, and the curve of cheek,
And the language given the eyes to speak;

The soft, dense darkness of shadowing hair,
And the scent of the flowers she used to wear.

Lo! the air was fragrant the way I went
With mignonette and carnation scent—

"Thy flowers, leading me loveward, Sweet!"
I look, and a grave has stopped my feet.



A SHEPHERD LULLABY.

SLEEP, baby, sleep!
 Thy father watches the sheep,
 Thy mother is shaking the dreamland
 tree,
 And down falls a little dream on thee
 Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
 The large stars are the sheep,
 The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
 The fair moon is the shepherdess.
 Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
 Our Saviour loves His sheep;
 He is the Lamb of God on high,
 Who for our sakes came down to die.
 Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
 I'll buy for thee a sheep
 With a golden bell so fine to see,
 And it shall frisk and play with thee.
 Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
 And cry not like a sheep;
 Else will the sheep-dog bark and whine,
 And bite this naughty child of mine.
 Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
 Away and tend the sheep;
 Away then, black dog, fierce and wild,
 And do not wake my little child.
 Sleep, baby, sleep!

A THANKSGIVING NIGHT VISITOR.

BY JANE ELLIS JOY.

IT was a merry family party that gathered at Grandmother Dayton's old country house to spend Thanksgiving day. Cousins from the city and cousins from the country, aunts and uncles, nephews and nieces—including a score of little people—made the gray old place alive with bright color and the music of human voices.

When dinner was over the large dining-room was given up to the young people, who here amused themselves in a variety of ways, until yawns and nodding little heads made it apparent that the day's lively enjoyments were at an end.

Harry Dayton, among others, retired with dreamy thoughts of the plump, round pies, the plum-pudding, and the other good things that he had partaken of with much pleasure. He was enough of a physiologist to know that he would have been better without the last piece of cake he had eaten; but it had looked so tempting, with its dark masses of fruit and snowy crust of icing that he had not had the courage to deny himself.

For some time indistinct sounds, like the echoes of talking and light laughter, mingled with the most absurd fancies, visited Harry in his sleep. It seemed that he was in a house decorated with pies instead of tiles; that festoons of crullers were suspended from the ceiling and that great chattering turkeys roosted on the chandeliers.

"What strange things dreams are!" he thought upon awaking. "What an unpleasant world it would be if we did

not known the difference between real things and imagined things!" And with this idea, a feeling of very genuine, if tardy thankfulness arose in his heart for the powers of mind that enable people to think and know and reason and judge.

Meanwhile the night wore on. Silence and darkness had taken possession of the rooms down-stairs so lately the scene of gayety. Harry heard the old clock in the hall strike one. Through his drawn curtains he could see the round-faced moon and a few glittering stars above the cold-looking landscape.

And now it was that something very unusual happened. At first Harry thought that the person who stepped into his room was his little Cousin Walter, who had a habit of walking in his sleep. In a moment, however, he perceived that it was not Walter, but a sharp-featured and very singular-looking little old man. The midnight visitor was dressed in the quaintest of styles, and carried a little box which he opened in a business-like way, displaying, as he did so, a set of tiny instruments resembling a telegraphic apparatus.

"What does this mean?" thought Harry, watching the little old man sit down astride the rocker of a chair, and proceed to exercise the little machines in his box. Faint, clicking sounds, more or less regular, filled the room, and then subsided, as the little old man, who appeared to be tired and in none of the best of humors, closed his box, with the remark:

"People don't deserve my good services, and I feel half-inclined to send no more messages until the world recognizes what I have done for it, and honors me as it should. Do you know, young sir," he continued, addressing the conclusion of his complaint to Harry, "that when I think of all that I have done to benefit people, and then realize what an unwelcome visitor I am at almost every house in the land, I am sometimes positively amazed at my own forbearance!"

"I am sorry that you have met with so much unkindness, and I sincerely hope that I haven't offended you," said Harry.

"If it is not asking too great a favor," he added, "I should like to know who you are."

"I'm Pain," replied the little old man. "I am people's best friend, and at the same time the most unpopular person in the world."

"Your profession, I fancy, prejudices people against you," said Harry.

"My profession is a very honorable one, I assure you," returned the little visitor. "If it were not for me people would not know when they were hurt, and, as a consequence, would not know how to take care of themselves. There's never an hour in which I don't save somebody's life by a timely warning. If, for instance, a person cuts his finger, or burns himself, or eats what is not good for him, I immediately send a little message from the seat of trouble to the person's brain, informing him of his danger, just as you would 'wire' the news of a disaster in some out-of-the-way place to the nearest town, in order to secure help. The brain, you see, stands for the town, and my art for your modern one of telegraphy. I suppose I may call myself the oldest telegrapher in the world."

"But you haven't told me *how* you send your messages," said Harry, who was by this time very much interested. "I don't see any wire attached to your little box."

"Ah," said Pain, with a suggestive nod of his little head, "people furnish the *wires* that I use."

"You mean the *nerves*, don't you?" asked Harry, beginning to understand.

"I've heard that we have two sets of nerves; one set carrying impressions to the brain, and the other set conveying our will from the brain to the muscles. It is upon the first set, or sensory nerves, that you send your little messages of warning to people, is it not?"

"Glad to find that you know something about the brain and nerves," said the little old man. "Perhaps you can imagine what would happen if I neglected my work?"

"I'm afraid it would be rather bad for us," said Harry. "Unless a person would chance to *see* that he was hurt, he

would not know of his danger, and might continue hurting himself. People would never know when they were sick, or cold, or hungry, and so would take no medicine and no rest, and—well, I hardly like to think of all the trouble that would come to us. You are a very useful person, undoubtedly. Still, I think I should never have fancied your profession. It must be disagreeable to be always sending bad news."

"Yes, it's not pleasant," assented the little old man; "but I would never complain if I received anything like fair treatment. The trouble, you see, is that I am blamed for *being* the very evil that I only *tell* people about. Even intelligent persons will sometimes say: 'Oh! this miserable pain—I wish it would leave me!' when the truth is that I am sending them a friendly warning to send for a doctor."

"It's a great pity that people will misunderstand you," said Harry, sympathetically. "But don't despair. We are learning something about your character and the nature of your services, and in time, I think, we will make amends for our ingratitude."

"Ah! yes," said poor old Pain, with a sigh, "recognition and honor must come when a person has done his duty as I have done mine! Never a bumped nose, or bruised finger, or tightly-shod foot, or neglected little tooth that I did not spy out and promptly report. Pray excuse me a moment."

Here the little visitor suddenly opened his box and touched certain little instruments inside.

"Messages," he resumed, as the ticking sounds ceased, "more messages."

"I hope nothing very serious has occurred?" Harry asked.

"Nothing necessarily serious," replied the little old man, closing his box. "A few Thanksgiving dinners eaten yesterday are giving trouble. Another case that I attended to was that of a person who disregarded a former warning that I sent him to go to his dentist."

"But, honestly," asked Harry, growing bolder, as he felt himself becoming better acquainted with his visitor, "do

you expect people to be thankful to you for waking them up at night with the toothache?"

The little old man did not reply immediately. For some time he sat looking thoughtfully down at the dainty little sandals that he wore on his feet. "The truth is," he finally said, looking up, "that I would like very much to be relieved from the dental branch of my business. If people would furnish their teeth with the nourishment they require, by eating wholesome food; and, in cleaning them after meals, be careful to remove all the particles which tend to gather between them, keeping the surfaces outside and inside smooth and free from acids, which are very destructive, there would be very little of what you call 'toothache' in the world, and I would have a great deal more leisure. So, you see, what is good for you is good for me, too. I never send a message except when it's necessary; and I'm not unfeeling, or indifferent to people's troubles. Indeed, my one great wish is that you would all take such good care of yourselves that you wouldn't need me."

"Thank you for explaining so many things to me," said Harry. "You are a very wonderful little man, and you must have seen some very strange things in the course of your long life."

"Oh! yes, I have seen wonderful things. I could tell you stories that would greatly astonish you."

"I should like very much to hear some of your stories," said Harry, eagerly.

"My stories, ah—" and the little old man smiled grimly at what evidently seemed to him a singular request—"I'm not in the habit of relating them to please people. I'm Pain, you know!"

"I beg your pardon. Still, I think you might—just once in your lifetime—do something unusual," pleaded Harry. "You can't think how much interested I should be in some of the wonderful things that happened in the world long ago."

"Well," said the little old man, "considering that you have treated me very courteously, I will tell you the most won-

derful story that I know. Let me see. It was in the time of Panphilos."

"I never heard of him. But pray go on," urged Harry, observing a shadow coming between him and the little old man. "Please begin. Who was Panphilos? Oh! don't go! The story! The sto—"

But the little old man, with his story still untold, had gone. As Harry opened his eyes to look after the vanishing little figure, he saw daylight peeping in the windows, and knew that it was all a dream brought about by too much fruit cake.

TOMMY'S LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY (TO HIS FATHER IN TOWN).

DEAR PAPA: The country is awfully nice—

They say that the fishing is fine;
Although I've been asked to go out once
or twice,

I could not, for I have no line.

Please send me one down, and a long
pole also;

When I don't go fishing, you see,
The pole can be used in the orchard
below

To knock down the fruit from the tree.

We are going to get up a baseball match,
But haven't a ball or a bat,

You might send me some, and as I hope
to catch,

I need a glove, mask, and a hat.

They've got a good place for a tennis-
court here,

And all that we need is a net,
Some rackets, and balls (the make of this
year)—

Now, papa, *please* do not forget.

If you will send these things at once by
express,

I know we can have lots of fun;
We all send our love—mamma, baby,
and Bess—

Good-bye, From your loving SON.

Harper's Young People.

DREAMING AND DOING.

THERE was a young person who
sought

To imbibe the world's loftiest thought;

Mighty things she would do;

But her glove and her shoe,

As to buttons, were wofully short!

JOHN DERWENT, *Wide Awake.*

HOW FISHES EAT.

THE curious ways in which fishes eat form quite a study. Some fishes have teeth, and some have none at all. In some the teeth are found upon the tongue, in some in the throat, and in some in the stomach. Some draw in their food by suction; the sturgeon is one of this class. The jelly-fish absorbs its food by wrapping its body around the prey it covets. The starfish fastens itself to its victim, turns its stomach wrong-side out, and engulfs its dinner without the formality of swallowing it through a mouth first.

Then there is peculiar little crab—the horseshoe-crab—which chews up its food with its legs or claws before it passes the morsels over to its mouth. While other crabs and lobsters masticate their food with their jaws, and afterward complete the work with an extra set of teeth which they find located in their stomachs.

So there are all sorts of methods for those regularly toothless, and the fishes which have teeth show almost as great a diversity in the number, style, and arrangement of them. The ray or skate "has a mouth set transversely across its head, the jaws working with a rolling motion like two hands set back to back. In the jaws are three rows of flat teeth, set like a mosaic pavement, and between these rolling jaws the fish crushes oysters and other mollusks like so many nuts."

The carp's teeth are set back in the pharynx, so that it actually masticates its food in its throat; while the sea-urchin has five teeth surrounding its stomach, and working with a peculiar centralized motion, which makes them do as good service as if they numbered hundreds.

And these are only a very few of the odd methods in which fishes eat.—*Harper's Young People.*

HOME CIRCLE.

CONDUCTED BY AUNT JEAN.

"THE WORD OF THE LORD CAME UNTO ME."

BY HARRIET PINCKNEY HUSE.

"**B**EAR one another's burdens," said
the Lord—

He spake to the disciples—but that word
Holds good for every human soul that
hears

Its sound to-day—and yet, with crying
and with tears

We pray God's mercy—while we forbear
to *do*

This word of Christ, He sent to me—to
you!

For all along life's rough and heated
way

Are burdens—and their bearers fainting
in the day

Perchance, of small things—for just one
tender touch,

Or kindly smile—or word—ah! me, how
much

A word or smile may strengthen us to
bear,

Those things that, in His Providence and
care

God may permit—and thus ordain to be
Part of our life—

Thus, day by day, may we
Obedient, share each other's load

And tread with reverent feet, the way
He trode.

USING THE MILK.

BY PHEBE WESTCOTT HUMPHREYS.

"The best written book is a receipt for a pot-
tage."—*Voltaire*.

FOR the farmers' wives who have an
abundance of milk, and chickens,
pigs, etc., to enjoy it, whether sour or
sweet, it does not matter if it spoils; but
for the city housekeeper, a quantity of
sour milk is just so much wasted.

If you have a quart or two at night,
which will not keep until morning, try
to plan some new dish for the tea-table,
which will not only save the milk, but
make a pleasant addition to the bill of
fare; if tired of milk-toast, custards,

omelets, etc., here are two recipes which
may be new to some:

Cut up the stale pieces of cheese, and
to one cupful, put a cupful of milk and
a little cream, simmer together until the
cheese is soft; stir in a little thickening
of wheat flour or corn-starch, and a small
piece of butter, and add a little pepper
and salt. This is excellent poured over
a nicely-boiled dish of macaroni, buttered
toast, or just plain, with bread and butter.

A nice dish for breakfast or tea is made
thus: Put a pint of milk to boil, roll
finely four or five crackers, and put in
the milk while cold; when it boils stir
in three or four well-beaten eggs, with a
little pepper and salt; cook until it is
like custard, stirring briskly all the time,
then remove from the fire or it will whey;
eat hot.

If you have attempted to keep the
night's milk for breakfast, and find it
sour in the morning, before throwing it
away see if there is not something that
needs bleaching. Sour milk is most ex-
cellent for this purpose; table napkins,
handkerchiefs, or towels which have be-
come yellow, may be placed in the dish
of sour milk; or if you have a large
quantity place it in a bucket or deep
earthen dish, and place in it the table-
cloth, etc., which has become discolored,
or any garment which may require bleach-
ing.

After they have been thoroughly
soaked, then washed and boiled, they
will be beautifully white.

A NEIGHBORHOOD CLUB.

BY ALICE HAMILTON RICH.

THESE are emphatically days of or-
ganizations, federations, and clubs.
Men, women, and children belong to one
or more societies, which are either for
self-improvement or helpfulness to others.
This is well, if it does not become too
much, or rather, in this case, too many
of a good thing.

In our larger cities and towns it is her own fault if a woman is not a member of one or more of these organizations. Yet there are so many means of self-improvement, in the way of free libraries, lectures, etc., that there is less need of these means of helpfulness than in our smaller villages and country places. Many of the literary societies are not feasible for small places, on account of the course of study, which requires books of reference which can only be obtained at city libraries, and the large amount of time needed for study, to obtain really good results.

I will outline one I feel certain is both possible and desirable for such places. It might be called a neighborhood club, magazine club, or any other suggestive or appropriate name. A small number—after the manner of King's Daughters—say ten, or twelve, will be found better than a greater. If they are neighbors and friends, so much the better. In a larger town, there may be numbers of these little bands, and if they desire to do so, they might have a semi-yearly or yearly union meeting, for exchange of methods and results, but I have in mind villages and country places, where only a single band, or club, might be obtained. I would not advise over fifteen, and a less number, even as small as six, or four, would be advantageous.

We will suppose twelve women gather in the home of one of their number, some afternoon, or, better, morning, if circumstances will allow the use of the morning hours—and unite in a club for mutual helpfulness, in this wise, choosing four or more, as means will permit, of the best periodicals of the day, of sufficient variety, as either *Century*, *Harper or Scribner*, and *The Review of Reviews*, a household paper,—*The Ladies' Home Journal*, or *ARTHUR'S*, and one religious and secular newspaper, and for current events and lively criticism, *Kate Field's Washington*, the club subscribing for these as common property, or individuals choosing for themselves their own favorites; in this case, first receiving their own, and after it has circulated among the members, to be returned to the owner.

The fewest number of rules for management of this society or club the better. Only one officer is necessary, called, for convenience, a leader or guide, this leader to be changed or kept in place as is found advisable. If some one has a talent for this position, it will be well to retain her for a longer term, as the duties are not arduous, or the position of sufficient prominence to cause jealousy by its continuance, this leader's principal duty being to assign for each meeting to two or more each a magazine to be given as a *résumé*, or, if time will not allow the reader to thus prepare the matter, choice portions selected and read at the meeting. These readings to be interspersed with conversation connected with or suggested by the subjects given by any or all present; if necessary, the leader to have the power to check rambling or any conversation which may become of too personal a character to be either useful, pleasant, or acceptable.

If there be twelve members, and but two assigned for each meeting, the work of each member in providing entertainment and instruction will not become frequent or tiresome. Of course, the more each member reads and studies the various periodicals the more ready and better informed will that member be in the conversations, and the more good will she receive for herself.

The members of the club not specially assigned as entertainers may busy their hands with needlework. I know one woman who made it a point to make buttonholes for the children's garments. As this work left the mind wholly at liberty to follow the reading or enter into conversation, two objects were attained and not a moment unemployed.

Until one has belonged to such a club, it would be impossible to imagine how much valuable information upon current topics can thus easily be obtained. Occasionally the time may be given to a conversation upon a special subject germane to newspapers and periodicals, as wood engraving, English and American authors, the coming poet or novelist. In this case the leader assigns to a larger number special topics, and all prepare

themselves to take part in the conversation.

The woman who finds herself too busy for consecutive study in a more elaborate literary society will find this not only valuable, but inspiring and restful, and those who belong to other societies often find it possible to add this to their number.

As this is designed for the women, the wives and daughters, an occasional evening may be planned to which the husbands and brothers may be invited, the club to furnish the principal parts of the programme. This may be a very pleasant occasion for the close of the year's study, if it be the wish of the club to close for the summer. It may be that there will be no wish for a vacation, and the mid-summer magazines will be recreative rather than laborious. This has been tried and found satisfactory and desirable for a neighborhood in a city. I see no reason why many other neighborhoods in large towns, or the entire neighborhood of a small village or country place may not find it practical, as I am sure they will find it delightful and useful.

THE CHILDREN'S PRAYERS.

THERE is one very lovely thing about the children's prayers, and that is that the children's faith in the God above, who takes care of and loves them, is unclouded by a single doubt. A pretty story in rhyme tells of a little tot who went to the telephone one evening, saying: "Hello, Central! Give me Heaven; I want to say my prayers."

The story is not so irreverent as it looks at the first glance. For is there not a great central station somewhere in the universe, to and from which all day long and all night, through the years of countless generations the messages, swifter than lightning, because swift as thought, go flying to God and return from Him! The children of whom it may be said that

"Trailing clouds of glory do they come
From Heaven, their home,"

are nearer the heart of life's great realities than are the world-wearied older

ones, whose souls have become a trodden way for doubts and temptations and the hosts of sinful thoughts that eventuate in sinful deeds.

Who does not love the sight when a dear little child kneels at night, robed in the white gown, bathed from the day's dust, and with clasped hands, says, softly:

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Or in the morning, before the child leaves his nursery, how safe he is, if the habit be established of repeating a prayer:

"Now I wake and see the light;
'Tis God who kept me through the night.
To Him I lift my eyes, and pray
That He will keep me through the day."

As children grow older they may learn to repeat "Our Father who art in Heaven!" and to add to their prayers a petition for each and all of their loved ones. Well is it for those who their lives long remain as little children in the fashion of their continual approach to the One who only is able to save in every peril, to comfort in every grief, to shelter in every storm.

In many families it is the custom to let the youngest child at the table say grace before each meal, and if it be taken as a matter of course that this shall be done, the child will perform the rite without self-consciousness, and with the appropriate degree of reverence.

If we would seek for the children strength for the inevitable conflicts of life, an armor against the temptations that are sure to strike them sooner or later, we must find it in teaching them to look up to a divine power, forever able and forever willing to keep them safe, to strengthen them against themselves, and to bestow on them whatever they may need. In the very earliest years of life, among the formative impressions which are molded by degrees into habits, let us establish in the children the blessed and unquestioned habit of prayer.—*Harper's Bazar*.

WISE WORDS ABOUT WOMEN.

MOTHER is the name for God in the lips and hearts of little children.

—*Thackeray*.

Men need not try where women fail.

—*Euripides*.

Wedlock joins nothing, if it joins not hearts.—*Knowles*.

A company attitude is rarely anybody's best.—*Miss Sedgwick*.

As soon as women become ours, we are no longer theirs.—*Montaigne*.

That man hath secured his fortune who hath married a good wife.—*Euripides*.

To no one does the injunction "Keep thou the door of the lips" more aptly apply than to the women of society.—*Dean Stanley*.

The man at the head of the house can mar the pleasure of the household, but he cannot make it; that must rest with the woman, and it is her greatest privilege.—*Helps*.

Matrimony hath something in it of nature, something of civility, something of divinity.—*Bishop Hall*.

Easy crying widows take new husbands soonest; there is nothing like wet weather for transplanting.—*Holmes*.

Housekeepers, home-makers, wives, and mothers are fundamental social relations which rest upon woman's characteristics, physical, mental, and moral.—*R. Herbert Newton*.

Sydney Dobell tells us that his idea of true womanhood is a wife and mother content with simply trying to live out Christian ladyhood to its fairest and noblest possibility.—*Alexander Smith*.

If a woman is not fit to manage the internal matters of a house she is fit for nothing, and should never be put in a house or over a house any way. Good housekeeping lies at the root of all the real ease and satisfaction in existence.—*Harriet Prescott Spofford*.

CHIPS FROM THACKERAY.

ADMIRE RIGHTLY.

MIGHT I give counsel to any young hearer, I would say to him, Try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and life that is the most wholesome society; learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure of life is that. Note what the great men admired; they admired great things; narrow spirits admire basely, and worship meanly.—*English Humorists*.

CHEERFULNESS.

What, indeed, does not that word "cheerfulness" imply? It means a contented spirit, it means a pure heart, it means a kind and loving disposition; it means humility and charity; it means a generous appreciation of others, and a modest opinion of self. Stupid people, people who do not know how to laugh, are always pompous and self-conceited; that is, bigoted; that is, cruel; that is,

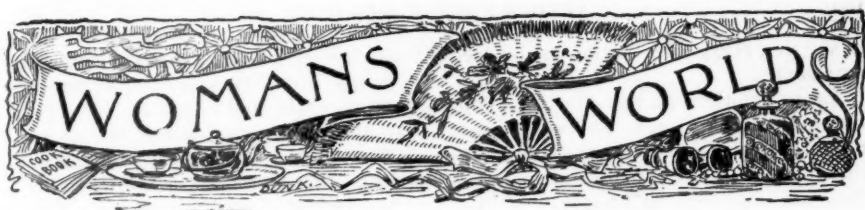
ungentle, uncharitable, unchristian.—*Sketches and Travels in London*.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

We should pay as much reverence to youth as we should to age; there are points in which you young folks are altogether our superiors; and I can't help constantly crying out to persons of my own years, when busied about their young people—Leave them alone; don't be always meddling with their affairs, which they can manage for themselves; don't be always insisting upon managing their boats, and putting your oars in the water with theirs.—*Sketches and Travels in London*.

EXPERIENCE TEACHETH FOOLS.

I dare say I made a gaby of myself to the world; pray, my good friend, hast thou never done likewise. If thou hast never been a fool, be sure thou wilt never be a wise man.—*Lovel, the Widower*.



EDITED BY ELIZABETH LEWIS REED.

All communications for this department must be addressed to Miss E. L. Reed, Editor Woman's World, ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, 532 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

We desire to call the attention of our subscribers to the *clear* notice regarding the ordering of dress patterns published in our Fashion supplement. We have been much annoyed by people writing to us instead of to McCall & Co. for patterns, and are obliged to inform you that if you wish patterns you *must send to them*, as we are too busy to attend to such orders. Also, we supply no patterns, except McCall & Co.'s.—ED. W. W.

FASHION NOTES.

AUTUMN STYLES.

WATTEAU JACKETS AND WRAPS—EVENING CLOAKS
—NEW DRESS GOODS OF MANY KINDS.

WATTEAU backs form the most striking new feature for the fall. We had a few of them in the spring, but they promise to be all-prevailing for the fall and winter; whether becoming to all forms or not will probably prove of minor consideration.

Some of the dressy wraps like long cloaks have a fitted Watteau back and loose fronts, with collar and yoke of velvet and a fichu drapery of lace. Ribbed and velvety striped materials are favored by Pingat for wraps, which house is noted for elaborate wraps or "confections."

Deep cuffs of velvet, over which full sleeve uppers droop, and flaring collars that come low over the bust are fall items as well. Lace early in the fall and fur later seems now to be the rule. Golden brown, Russian blue and dark green will share the tide of favor with black, which seems greatly liked among the cloak men.

Fig. 1 shows a stylish trimming of lace or passementerie suitable for a round waist. In front it is arranged in pointed form, while at the back it is straight across.

FASHIONABLE DRESS GOODS.

The retailers have commenced showing a few early deliveries of dress goods, in order to whet the appetite of the public for the good things to come. As we have said before, both smooth and rough goods seem in innumerable designs, and the velvet striped velours Russe is un-



Fig. 1.

doubtedly the richest, as well as the most expensive, of the season's dress goods. The poplin and serge weaves are strikingly prominent, and the designs include eight-inch plaids, stripes, diagonals damasés, silk and wool mixtures, all-over suitings, homespuns and cheviots, tailor cloths resembling vestings, woolly and bourette effects, camel-hair goods, cords and varieties beyond counting, as well as colors too numerous to mention, except

to say that every idea seems to be well represented.

Ladies' cloths with hair-lines of a contrasting color are new, and corded materials are called plissé now, though unlike the real plissé or tucked materials that are supposed to have fallen from grace because modistes condemned them as being difficult to make up. Diagonals are shot with silk *petite pois* and others have silken stripes imparting a bit of color. Several heavy cloths have stripes of so-called wool velvet, or, if the ground is of this, the figures are of silk and nearly hidden by the thick pile.

USEFUL MATERIALS.

Among the materials for useful general wear gowns are tweeds sold as English Scotch or Harris, striped and mixed cheviots, serges, plain and diagonal, homespuns in loose rough effects, con-



Fig. 2.

trasting stripes and bourette mixtures. The storm serges are of every grade and finer goods of this name are in the loveliest of shades to combine with glacé or

plaid velvet. The plaid dress goods are certainly stunning in effect, as some of them are eight inches square, with black, red, and yellow cross lines, but as such gowns can only be worn by tall, slender women, they never become long lived.

Cord surfaces are striped with a tiny sunken line of silk or dotted with minute specks that give a glacé effect. Brocaded goods frequently have the edge of the pattern in silk. Cords or reps vary from an infinitesimal line to a cord as large as heavy packing twine, and these are plain, striped in contrast, or have all-over brocade figures. The silk and wool mixtures and serge weaves strike one from every direction, and the diagonal serges are among the neatest goods shown in spite of the great variety.

All-over camel's hair in tan and gray shades are handsome for their plain appearance after so many figures; they appear heavy, but are really light, as they are loose woven. Many cords are sold under the name of velours Russe, but the genuine article has the velvet mixture in tiny cords, like stripes.

Fig. 2 represents a handsome style of using lace on a silk or crêpon gown; in the illustration the deep cuffs and girdle are of silk on a gown of crêpon, with full sleeve uppers and scarf of lace, the scarf coming from the back of the slightly low neck and hanging loose in front from shoulder knots of the silk.

CHILDREN'S WEAR.

CHANGES IN GIRLS' CLOTHES—WRAPS FOR GIRLS —BOYS' SUITS AND HATS.

Girls' dress, for those under ten years of age, has experienced a change in the length of the skirts, which during the latter part of the summer, crept up to just below the knees. It is not thought that this will continue through the winter, as the necessary warmth demands longer skirts.

This was the style some forty years ago when a child's waist was, to judge from the dresses, nearly down to the knees and the skirt about up to the place where they wore garters in those days, making the skirt resemble a ruffle sewed to a deep waist. We have revived, for a

time, the short skirt, but the waist length is yet where nature intended it to be.

Another prominent feature is the Russian blouse for misses and guimpe effects with corselet and skirt in contrast. It has been found that such a dress covers a multitude of defects in a growing girl and affords several changes at a small expense by having different guimpes, including yoke and sleeves, for one skirt.

Pink, sky blue, and yellow ribbons are the preferred decorations for girls' white dresses. Black hose and shoes are standard for all occasions, though red for misses and golden brown for girls younger have been worn at the resorts this summer with varying success.

Fig. 3 represents a tailor-made costume of cheviot, trimmed with large and small shaded pearl buttons, belt and vest of ladies' cloth, and a chemisette of lawn or silk having a dress tie to match. The bell skirt has a placket opening on either side fastening with buttons; the jacket basque is fitted with single darts, has a deep coat-tail cut in points, revers, rolled collar, and high-topped coat sleeves. Round vest with matched revers and belt under jacket fronts.

FANCY SUITS FOR BOYS.

Some pretty page suits for small boys to wear at family weddings are of the Louis XV period and in light blue satin. The knickerbockers end at the knees with a plain band of satin, and a rosette of the same material with a cut steel button on the outside. The coats are worn open and trimmed up each side of the front with buttons like those on the knickerbockers, each placed at one end of silver braid arranged in the form of a button-hole about two and a half inches long, the gauntlet cuffs on the sleeves being trimmed in the same way.

Their deep waistcoats are of white and silver brocade, but assimilating with the same steel buttons, turning up at the corners with silver braid and buttons, they wear ruffles of fine lace round the neck and cuffs. The three-cornered hats to be worn with these suits are of white felt, the brim lined inside with blue satin, and trimmed with silver braid, and

steel buttons used in the same manner as on the coat, and appearing to be buttoned against the crown. They are to



Fig. 3.

wear blue silk stockings to match, and black patent leather shoes with steel buckles.

CREPON GOWNS.

Weaves of crêpon have been well received and make up stylishly as house dresses for young and elderly ladies. One for a young matron has a bell skirt with two ruffles of No. 12 black gros grain ribbons; be sure and select a lusterless black to accord with the crêpon,

as several shades of black in one costume is a glaring mistake, which never occurs when the materials are all of a similar dye.

The bodice of this crêpon is round, with a Swiss corselet of silk that tapers to a point at the back, ending under a Directoire bow of No. 22 ribbon. The sleeves are full to just below the elbows, with a deep frill of chiffon below a bracelet and bow of ribbon; the high collar has a band of ribbon tied in a bow at the back, and a double ruffle of chiffon forms a ruffle from the collar to the bodice.

The first Henrietta gown usually has a jacket of the same or a cape trimmed with crêpe, but a serge or cheviot dress needs only a blazer, or reefer stitched on the edges. A "wool satin," having a beautiful lustre, is suitable for a visiting costume, trimmed with bengaline accessories and, perhaps, a tiny edging of jet. From the appearance of this fabric it could be cut in princess fashion with good effect.

The various silk figured and striped materials brought out in black goods admit of a slight mixture of silk as entire sleeves, cuffs, yokes, corselets, etc., and large crochet buttons for the French skirt opening and lapped on the sides and smaller ones for fastening the bodice. A silk guimpe is often worn on these gowns, which possess the happy faculty of being appropriate for mourning or joyful occasions.

DRESSING ON A LITTLE.

A large class of women have less than two hundred dollars per year to dress upon, and yet have the same desire to look well and becomingly attired as though they could spend many times that amount. Some women are very fortunate in picking up bargains that help them out in the matter of dress, while others, the writer included, always find their choice among the not-to-be-reduced goods.

If clothes are taken care of, carefully brushed, kept in repair, and a spot cleaned with naphtha (never allow it near a fire) as soon as it gets on a dress, they will not only last longer, but will look

well as long as they hold together. Really, it seems as though care and cleanliness were the only means by which to keep the expenses of dress within a limited sum.

Then never select striking colors, large figures or a prominent fabric that will make such an impression upon the beholders that it is never lessened. Learn what is becoming in the way of two or three colors, and stick to them like a tried friend. By having all of one's gowns of a limited number of colors, few changes of hats, gloves, and wraps are necessary.

HATS AND BONNETS.

NEW TRIMMED SHAPES.

The poke, which tried to gain a hold on public favor last winter, now puts forward its pretensions assured of success. It comes in the form of a hat-bonnet, and with a pretty young face inside it is very jaunty and bewitching. The brim in front is fully five inches deep, graduates sharply toward the back, where it is only two and a half inches wide.

The crown is about three inches high and flat. The curtain is laid in plaits at the back. A couple of tips, fastened in by the tie on the right, droop over the hair at the back. A large plume of tips rises to the left of the front, tied in with a band of three loops of wide ribbon, finished with a jet buckle. The bonnet was of red and green shot velvet, lined with black satin, the edge piped with cords of the three colors. The feathers and ribbon were black.

Another similar shape was of dark sage green felt, similarly trimmed, with wide satin ribbon to match, lined with velvet of a rich dull rose hue and trimmed with tips of the two colors shaded. For little misses the same shape is shown in white trimmed with wide, soft ribbons, and tips drooping over the brim.

Large soft felts and beavers are bent up much as the Leghorns have been the past season and trimmed with velvet and feathers. The "Butterfly," "Dragonfly," "Mustachio," and "Cabbage" bows are retained; also a new bow called the "Bat-Wing."

Some of the shapes that found great favor last season are repeated in felt, as, for instance, the "Boat" or "Continental." These are to be trimmed with one or two long feathers and rosettes, or velvet bat-wings. The feathers start in front and, going around the hat, droop over the hair at the back; a bow of velvet or rosette of ribbon finishes it in front.

Some of the large hats have the brim quite narrow on the right side, gradually widening toward the middle of the left side, which is turned up over the crown. The crown is about three inches high and flat. A long feather lies on the flat, narrow brim, which is fastened in front by a handsome bow. On the upturned brim a strap of ribbon or velvet, brought from the other side over the crown, fastens in a plume of small tips just back of the ear.

Fig. 4 is a stylish shape of black Milan, having a frill of lace on the inner edge and a tuft of black tips toward the left of the crown, held by a Rhinestone buckle; fancy ribbon is then arranged



Fig. 4.

in a few irregular loops over the front of the brim.

Hat and bonnet ribbons are rather on the wide order this season, as it is seldom that any under No. 22 is selected. The wide Alsatian bow to be used in the front

of hats requires a wide and double-faced ribbon, as do the one or two erect loops placed at the back.

Piece velvet mingles stylishly with ribbon as rosettes, knots, donkey ears, and single broad loops, but a quantity of rib-



Fig. 5.

bon is necessary in producing the airy effect desired in a hat and in which the French model hats excel.

A handsome ribbon looks well by itself on a hat, while a poor one of homely design lacks the effect aimed at even when helped out with feathers and ornaments. A gay or fantastic ribbon should be softened with sombre feathers or piece velvet, though just a dash of almost bizarre looking ribbon lightens up an otherwise plain hat admirably.

Ties of velvet ribbons will be more used than of silk designs. High and flat bows, ears, rosettes, knots, and torsades are a few of the many uses to which millinery ribbons will be put. An artistic combination of two ribbons of contrasting colors will often be worn in order to carry out the colorings of a costume. In fact, the coming as well as the past season will be marked by a lavish use of ribbons.

Fig. 5 shows a round hat, rather projecting in front and with a slightly full

crown of corded velvet. A large bow of fancy striped ribbon trims the front of the shape, with two jet pins thrust in quite erect, as though just dropped there.

HOME DECORATIONS AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR.

BY ELIZABETH LEWIS REED.

AMONG the dainty paraphernalia necessary in a pretty room, and so easily obtained at slight expense are the small lamps with their silken chiffon and paper shades which have recently become so popular.

Many people have grown tired of the glaring gas light, and gone back to the good old-time lamp or candle light, and nothing could be more attractive upon dinner or tea table than one or two of these wee lamps whose deep pink or red shades throw over the table a rosy light, giving an air of comfort to the whole



Fig. 1.—Lamp Shade of Lace and Ribbon.



Fig. 2.—Lamp Shade with Painted Wreath.

room. You can easily make these lamps yourself and it will prove much less expensive. For about a dollar you can buy in any good china store a glass bowl and chimney complete, which will fit beautifully into that old silver candlestick of grandmother's which you did not know exactly what to do with before. There then is your lamp. For the shade you will require a wire frame which costs about twenty-five cents, and comes in different shapes, a yard of silk of some dainty color, and about two yards of lace or chiffon; from these materials you can manufacture a shade which will be a thing of beauty and a joy—for as long as it retains its freshness.

Fig. 1 is made over a bell-shaped wire frame, caught together by adjustable rings and wire bars, covered first plain with pink silk and

then with crape of the same color laid in small plaits. Frills of delicate lace four and one-half inches wide completed by a clasp and bow of pink ribbon form the trimming. This shade, however, is unnecessarily expensive, as a very pretty one can be made with a yard of cheap silk and two yards of lace, endless varieties of which come at very low prices.

Fig. 2 is a shade for a lamp of a different shape and does not require a frame. Paint upon a strip of yellow gauze five and one-half inches wide and three and one-half inches long a wreath of white azalea or some delicate flower. Finish above with a net crocheted in yellow rope silk, for which a chain ring is first made, and rows then crocheted around. 1 Row: 5 ch., 1 s. in the 6th ch. of the foundation. 2-5 Rows: 5 ch., 1 s. in the 3d ch. of the chain, curves in the foregoing row. The net when finished is joined to the gauze by a row of button-hole stitches worked in groups, catching with the same time the net. Fringe six and one-half inches long of the yellow rope silk. Cord to draw opposite ways.

Paper shades for lamps cannot be too diversified in design and new ideas are always received with favor, but these shades are very perishable. They are made of crimped paper and decorated to suit the fancy. The "Rhododendron" is a faithful copy of the bloom, with the stamens visible, and so is the "Chrysanthemum," which is exquisitely pretty when well made. A protector made of talc may be bought to go with these shades, and lessens the danger from fire.

RIBBON FRAME FOR PHOTOGRAPH.

BY F. H. PERRY.

Now that albums are no longer fashionable a great variety of novel frames and receptacles of all kinds are fashioned for the safe keeping of photographs. One of the latest as well as simplest designs for framing cabinets is shown by the accompanying illustration.

The photograph is laid upon a piece of stout card-board, five and one-half by seven inches with corners slightly

rounded, so that the picture (not the card) comes as near the centre as possible, when a few drops of glue or paste between the two holds it permanently in position. A little less than a yard of ribbon, two inches wide, is required for the frame; the ends are sewed neatly together and the seam is opened. With strong silk and very fine stitches a row of shirring is run along both edges of the ribbon, quarter of an inch from the edge on one side and close up to the edge on the other. The ribbon is folded over the ruffle of the card with the tiny shirred ruffle in front, the shirring



Ribbon Frame for Photograph.

thread is carefully drawn taut, front and back, to fit the frame as closely as possible, and fastened securely by a few stitches "through and through" anywhere along the lower edge of the picture (where the stitches will not mar the cabinet, as they pass through the blank margin always seen at the bottom of photographs).

As represented the ribbon is plain, ivory-white satin with a tiny line of gold (gold paint applied with a fine brush) along the edge of the little ruffle. Ribbon of any delicate tint scantily splashed or dotted with gold, silver, or bronze would make beautiful frames; so also

would thin bias silk with a turned-in edge gathered full to form a puff, which should be underlaid with a soft roll of cotton.

A row of silk balls or tassels along the bottom, or a bow of the ribbon artistically placed where most ornamental is a pretty finish if the picture is to rest on an easel.

A cabinet thus framed would make a dainty Christmas gift.

TIMELY GIFTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

A PRETTY ALMANAC.

A novel token of remembrance that is pretty and artistic, as well as of practical every-day use, is an almanac with a handsome handmade cover bearing some suitable decorative design either in oil



A Pretty Almanac

or water colors, or embroidery, the choice depending upon the material used for the cover. Heavy, durable, fancy paper is often chosen, which when neatly painted and tied with ribbons or cords, makes a very attractive cover, for the year.

But the cover here described is of more lasting value and service; it can be removed and transferred to a new almanac yearly, remaining in good condition a long time. It is of card-board, a trifle larger than the almanac, and the corners are slightly rounded. The outside is covered with handsome linen of an ecru shade and the inside with old pink lining silk, the two covers are cut separately but

are covered with one piece of linen, there being no seam at the back fold; the edges are overhanded together with finest ecru silk. On the front cover, in rustic lettering is the quotation "The old shall glide into the new," it is embroidered with soft, heavy silk shaded from richest golden yellow to bronze brown; the branches are in brown touched up with a bit of the yellow, and the satin binding ribbons match the embroidery.

Of course the printed covers of the almanac must first be removed and replaced by one or two covers of nice white paper, for blank leaves; then the embroidered cover is fitted over all, two holes are carefully pierced through the whole at the back, as shown, and the ribbons are drawn through them and arranged as sketched. The blank leaves at the front furnish space for name, date, quotations, or good wishes.

This makes a timely gift for the holidays, acceptable alike to either sex, and useful "all the year around."

The same design would be pretty and appropriate for a calendar panel. The quotation could be embroidered a little farther from the lower left-hand corner, thus leaving space on which could be tied with another ribbon bow a small printed calendar—and a second timely gift would be ready for the new year.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. M. M.—We would advise you to let your baby wear a little cap as the surest method of keeping the ear close to the head. In very young children that trouble is often rectified by allowing the child to lie upon that side.

NELLIE BLY.—We did not receive your first letter or we certainly should have replied to your questions. It will take about six and a half yards of the dotted muslin for your toilet table, the amount for the ruffles will depend upon how full you wish them, so I cannot tell you that. Olive green and robin's egg blue will be a good combination for you to use. No, buy white muslin curtains.

BECKY SHARP.—You can purchase silk at thirty-nine cents a yard at Dewees' in Philadelphia, but not in many colors.

SALLIE IN OUR ALLEY.—Wear black by all means, anything else would be out of place.

P. P.—Certainly not unless you are engaged to her.

OLIVER TWIST.—Have your gown made with an Eton jacket and wear a silk blouse. Dark blue will look well with a crimson silk blouse.

POLLY.—I am sorry to say that I cannot give you the information you desire. Possibly at a machine shop they could tell you.

MRS. L. S.—The fashion does not change much in regard to garments for very little children, and the simpler the gown the daintier the baby will look. I would suggest a short-waisted frock gathered onto a yoke of embroidery or the material with full sleeves as suitable for a baby the age of yours. If you will inclose stamp I will be glad at any time to answer your questions more fully by letter.

MISS PRUE.—The French perfumes are considered the best, and certainly are the most expensive.

MYRTLE.—A printed card is in very

bad taste. An engraved one is the only correct thing, though a written one is admissible if you cannot do better.

CLARA BELLE.—Do not have your room entirely of blue; the effect is not good. Too much sameness shows a lack of originality and is trying on the occupants very often.

NURSE.—The combinations you mention are very pretty together, and very suitable for your occupation. 2. No.

154.—We are not in touch with matrimonial papers, therefore cannot answer you. No young girl with any self-respect will take part in any such correspondence.

MISS FLIP.—Trim it decidedly to the left. 2. There were three pretty designs in the July No. of ARTHUR'S. Refer to them and the article accompanying them.

JACK SPRAT.—We would advise you to consult a physician.

JULIET.—Well, yes, as far as your name goes you might answer in the play, but "what's in a name"?

LITERATURE.—"Ralph Iron" is Miss Olive Schreiner's *nom de plume*. You must determine the worth of her work for yourself. 2. No. Frances Eleanor Trollope is the author.

THE child is father of the man,
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

* * * * *

O reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle reader! you would find
A tale in everything.—*William Wordsworth.*

GREATNESS and goodness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man?—three treasures—love, and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infants' breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night
Himself, his Maker, and the angel death.

—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

EVENING WITH THE POETS.

In Memoriam.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

BREAK, break, break
 On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh! well for the fisherman's boy,
 That he shouts with his sister at play!
 Oh! well for the sailor lad,
 That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the state's ships go on
 To their haven under the hill;
 But oh! for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still.

Break, break, break
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.

THE LARGER HOPE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

O YET we trust that somehow good
 Will be the final goal of ill,
 To pangs of nature, sins of will,
 Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
 That not one life shall be destroyed,
 Or cast as rubbish to the void,
 When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
 That not a moth with vain desire
 Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire
 Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
 I can but trust that good shall fall
 At last — far off — at last to all,
 And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream; but what am I?
 An infant crying in the night:
 An infant crying for the light:
 And with no language but a cry.

The wish, that of the living whole
 No life may fail beyond the grave,
 Derives it not from what we leave
 The likeliest God within the soul

Are God and Nature, then at strife,
 That Nature lends such evil dreams?

So careful of the type she seems,
 So careless of the single life;

That I, considering everywhere
 Her secret meaning in her deeds
 And finding that for fifty seeds
 She often brings but one to bear.

I falter where I firmly trod
 And falling with my weight of cares
 Upon the great world's altar-stairs
 That slope through darkness up to God

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope
 And gather dust and chaff, and call
 To what I feel is Lord of all,
 And faintly trust the larger hope.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

LIFE and thought have gone away
 Side by side
 Leaving door and windows wide:
 Careless tenants they!

All within is dark as night:
 In the windows is no light;
 And no murmur at the door,
 So frequent on its hinge before.

Close the door, the shutters close,
 Or thro' the windows we shall see
 The nakedness and vacancy
 Of the dark deserted house.

Come away: no more of mirth
 Is here or merry-making sound.
 The house was builded of the earth,
 And shall fall again to ground.

Come away: for Life and Thought
 Here no longer dwell:
 But in a city glorious—
 A great and distant city—have bought
 A mansion incorruptible
 Would they could have stayed with us.

THE TWO VOICES.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

A STILL small voice spake unto me
 "Thou art so full of misery
 Were it not better not to be?"

Then to the still small voice I said:
 "Let me not cast in endless shade
 What is so wonderfully made."

* * * * *



TWO SINGERS GONE.

A little more than a year ago we wrote a line or two in this department about Two American Gentlemen * who had just gone home across the bar, and now it is our sad pleasure to say just a few words of two others who have crossed the bar almost together, Alfred Tennyson and John G. Whittier.

It was Dr. Holmes who spoke of men "against whom death had set his fatal asterisk," and in the calendar of 1892 the tell-tale mark stands opposite the names of two great poets.

Whittier and Tennyson are dead. Peaceful and fitting was the going out of these two lives, so like in temperament and habit of thought, so unlike in training and environment. Born in the beginning of a century that has furnished the most stirring history of the world, each in his own way molded the events that make the period an epoch. And when the objects for which each had striven were attained, and the slave stood free and equal in the parliament of man, these great souls rested, for their work was done. But let us congratulate ourselves that in the doing of this work it was necessary that some record should be left, and that record is in their verse. Of that verse it may be boldly said that as long as the English tongue is spoken people will continue to have their hearts stirred by the noble words of the mother-country poet, and by the sweet, strong singing of our own Whittier. And though the form of the mold into which their thoughts were poured was different, they had many points of similarity. Each man was simple and strong, sufficient unto himself, caring nothing for the petty business and the noisy striving, for the small ends of the roar-

ing, tumultuous world about him. And yet when occasion called they entered that world and sang songs that made swords leap forth to battle for truth and freedom. It takes a mighty issue to bring such natures forth and set them striving side by side with men of coarser clay.

The stamping out of slavery throughout the world was the mightiest issue of modern times, and to that Whittier lent his hands and brain, and labored until the work was done. And Tennyson sounded the trumpet for England and her sons. Small civil honors, petty emoluments, and greed of gain did not tempt these great men. They lived apart from the hum of the busy world, calm, simple, and majestic. To be sure, Tennyson was raised to the peerage, but the new honor did not alter in the least the poet's simple and retired manner of living. He was seldom found in his seat in the House of Lords, and that he never intended to engage actively in public affairs is evidenced by the fact that the robes he wore at his installation were borrowed from a friend, and by the way they were a very bad fit.

Carlyle's portrait of Tennyson shows an attractive, breezy, and social personality: "One of the finest looking men in the world," he wrote in answer to an inquiry of Emerson for some account of Tennyson. "A great shock of rough, dusty, dark hair, bright, laughing, hazel eyes, massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate, of sallow, brown complexion, almost Indian looking. Clothes comically loose, free and easy; smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musical, metallic, fit for loud laughter or piercing wail, and all that may be between. Speech and speculation free and plentiful. I do not meet in these later decades such company over a pipe." Here is the picture of a free, bright, ripe na-

* James Russell Lowell and George Jones.

ture, well rounded, and big with possibilities, nothing little or of the earth earthy. It was the same simple nature to the end. And so it was with Whittier. He, too, loved repose, good friends, old books, lonely country walks, woods and the ever-changing face of nature. It is singular to reflect that these two men, living so far apart from each other, and from the hum of men and affairs, and to whom the whirl of the outside world came as a hushed murmur, should have been the two men to nerve and stir their several peoples in the time of war with martial strains, and in time of peace with lyric and with folk song. They have gone to their rest. There is a vacancy where they have been, and there is none to take their places.

"Unseen, not lost; our grateful memories still
Their vacant places fill.
And with the full-voiced greeting of new friends,
A tender whisper blends."

Almost the last line each wrote showed they had no fear of death and trusted implicitly that God to whom they had always turned in life.

Was anything more beautiful ever written than Tennyson's

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the bound-
less deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and
Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

And dear Friend Whittier in his farewell to Holmes, the last poem he ever published, closes it with these words:

"The hour draws near, howe'er delayed and late
When at the Eternal Gate
We leave the words and works we call our own
And lift void hands alone

For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul
Brings to that Gate no toll:
Giftless we come to Him, who all things gives,
And live because He lives."

Apropos of the departure of these sweet singers who have gone to join the choir invisible, how many of us remember the legend that the spirits of the blessed dead are permitted to visit earth between midnight of Hallow E'en and the dawn of All Souls' Day, November 1st?

Such a belief is older than Christianity. Like many articles of the Christian faith it really dates from pagan days, and is an outgrowth of the heathen idea that the shades of their dear ones hovered about house and home, lamenting or rejoicing over such good or evil fortune as fell to the lot of living friends, and silently taking part in the bridal procession or funeral pageant. The fathers of the early Church, finding converts loath to resign what was to them a comforting doctrine, adopted into their calendar a certain day wherein the visits might be expected, and this day was kept holy—or, as it now is, a Church holiday.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

If ever a nation had cause to be thankful and grateful to God for benefits and mercies far beyond their deserts it is the American nation in the year 1892.

Other nations have had wars, famine, cholera, floods, or financial panics, almost without an exception, while we have had nothing but blessings of all kinds from the hand of Providence. Our mills and workshops have been busy all the year, and our farms have produced crops far above the average now these two years. We have had no panics, nor have we been scourged by that dread monster, cholera. It seems as though God, in His goodness, has made us His chosen people, and if we do not show Him and all the world that we appreciate His kindness, then are we the most ungrateful wretches on the face of the globe. Let us all give thanks together on Thanksgiving Day and not allow this best holiday of the year to pass without it.

PUBLISHER'S PAGE.

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GOOD COOKING

Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.

SOMETHING REALLY BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL FOR NOTHING.

Messrs. Cornish & Co., whose advertisement appears in this magazine, have just issued an entirely new catalogue and hand-book of the pianos and organs manufactured by them at their mammoth factory at Washington, New Jersey. This new catalogue is exquisitely illustrated; it is double the size of the last catalogue issued by this old-established and enterprising firm, and is printed in colors after designs by the most eminent artists. It is well worth a dollar, and it can be had for nothing.

RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION AT ONCE.

We ask as a special favor that all of our subscribers who do not intend to renew their subscription for 1893 will notify us at once, and we shall be very glad indeed to have as many as possible send in their subscription or renewals at once.

Names sent in now will get on the list before the great rush comes in December and all mistakes are avoided. Don't wait but renew now. You can't get as much for \$1.00 in any other way. Twelve hundred pages of good reading, and \$3.00 worth of dress patterns seems to be a good dollar's worth, don't it?

FREE PATTERNS FOR 1893.

We are glad to be able to announce to our subscribers that we have renewed our arrangement with the McCall Publishing Co. for 1893, and each number of the Magazine will contain as heretofore an order for twenty-five cents' worth or \$3.00 during the year. What other magazine gives you twelve hundred pages of such reading and \$3.00 worth of patterns all for one dollar?



BY ANNA WHITTIER WENDELL.

NEW BOOKS.

O H! yes!

"Gentle Jane was as good as gold,
She always did as she was told,"
we sniff, contemptuously, as we hastily thumb over *Nellie Kinnard's Kingdom* (Lee & Shepard, Boston), then it suddenly dawns upon us that Amanda M. Douglass has written a number of extremely pretty, pure, and homely love stories, and we turn again to the first chapter with something very like pleasant expectancy.

"Nellie Kinnard" proves to be a sweet, strong, womanly character with just enough of the old Adam to save her from insipidity. The strongest feature in the book is the almost imperceptible way she leads her husband from cynicism and selfishness—such years of domestic disappointment and uncongenial ties have unconsciously made second nature—into a knowledge of his real character, a sunny, strong, ardent one, full of manly and lovable attributes.

The glimpses into "Nellie's" girlhood home are always good. Where the dear old rector and wise mother watch with dimming but courageous eyes, one after another of their seven daughters flit out of the home nest, but "gentle Jane" haunts us toward the end again where they all live in felicity ever after. It would have seemed more natural for "Miss Maud" to have gone on in the extremely disagreeable tenor of her way, as the leopard does not change its spots, even to oblige that certain class of readers who cry out that a story must "end well," without any regard to natural laws.

We'll soon begin to believe it's illustrations, not love, that makes the world go round, at least the book world. Harpers' tiny "Black and White Series" in which Mr. Howells, George William Curtis, Brander Matthews, and now, Florence Walters Snedeker, have all had their work appear, is about as chaste a style in illustrated little books as has lately come under the reviewer's eye. *A Family Canoe Trip* in its pretty white binding and neat black lettering contains thirty-seven exquisite bits of illustration, each descriptive of incidents encountered by the family in the little cockle-shell boat, who, except for the "Canoe-meet on the Willsborough Point at the full of the August moon," haven't a shadow of a route or schedule. They simply fling the lines to Fate, and let her lead where she will, and the record of her departure from beaten tracks is simply delightful. There is magnetism in the telling and albeit this is November, it makes one yearn to have the summer back again with unformed plans and leisure at command. We want to take our days into our hands and drift along in the same half-delicious dream. Days full of fitting pastoral pictures, green depths, and softly rushing waters, nights filled with the sweet articulate voices of the unseen, and finally we want to hearken for the solemn whisper of the Adironecks.

"If storm, if toil, or weariness cannot daunt you we count you worthy. Come up to the hills." These and many more than these delights, belonged to the sojourners in the canoe.

Another beautifully illustrated book is Prof. Bushrod W. James's *Alaskan* (Porter & Coates, Philadelphia). It is Legends of Alaska told in Hiawathian verse. Dr. James is well known by his literary work, both of a professional and utilitarian character, and this volume of legends give many interesting glimpses into our Alaskan possessions, the ceremonies, feasts, and manners of its people. The views accompanying the poems were taken by the author while visiting the scenes described in the text, of which "Auk Glacier," "Indian River, near Sitka," "Walk near Indian River," and "Muir Glacier," are notably beautiful, and the "Indian Grave," Fort Wrangle, pathetic in its heathenishness.

Talking of Editorial work—or assuming that we were—Alethe Lowber Craig has compiled a little white-and-gold

book, entitled *Women of the World, with a Search Light of Epigram* (H. W. Dick & Co., Baltimore). As indicated by the sub-title, this lilliputian volume contains truisms from the pens of almost every recognized genius. One, two, and sometimes three lines, taken from either Homer, Plato, Tallyrand, Goethe, Hugo, Voltaire, Thackeray, Geo. Eliot, or some celebrated leader of the French Salons are placed beneath the name of a world-renowned woman, as they seem to the compiler applicable, and they are markedly so in most instances.

Accustomed to the rush and excitement of our day, it would seem strange, indeed, to turn back a page or so in the book of time and live the life of a hundred years ago, as it is pictured in Edward Everett Hale's *East and West* (Cassell). Imagine having to build a boat before you could cross a river! Yet it was a delightful life in many ways, and with the Indians left out it would be very refreshing to travel from East to West with Sarah Parris in "a ship of the prairie." To meet Silas Ransom would be a treat, too, but to quote his own words, he "Got there first," so we can only make his acquaintance in the pages of this delightful book.

"For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" commend us to Frank Barrett's *Out of the Jaws of Death* (Cassell). It is a pity that a writer who can hold the reader's attention almost exclusively in the first chapter or so, as Mr. Barrett can, should throw away his gifts in a series of anti-climaxes.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Howells began in the November *Cosmopolitan*, a department under the attractive title: "A Traveller from Altruria." Those who have seen the advance papers think they will equal in interest and in their wide appeal to all classes, the "Breakfast Table Papers" of Dr. Holmes. In order to give the necessary time to this work, Mr. Howells has turned over the detail editorial work to Mr. Walker.

In James Russell Lowell's fifth paper on the "Old English Dramatists," devoted to Beaumont and Fletcher, and published in *Harper's Magazine*, he called them "the double stars of our poetical firmament."

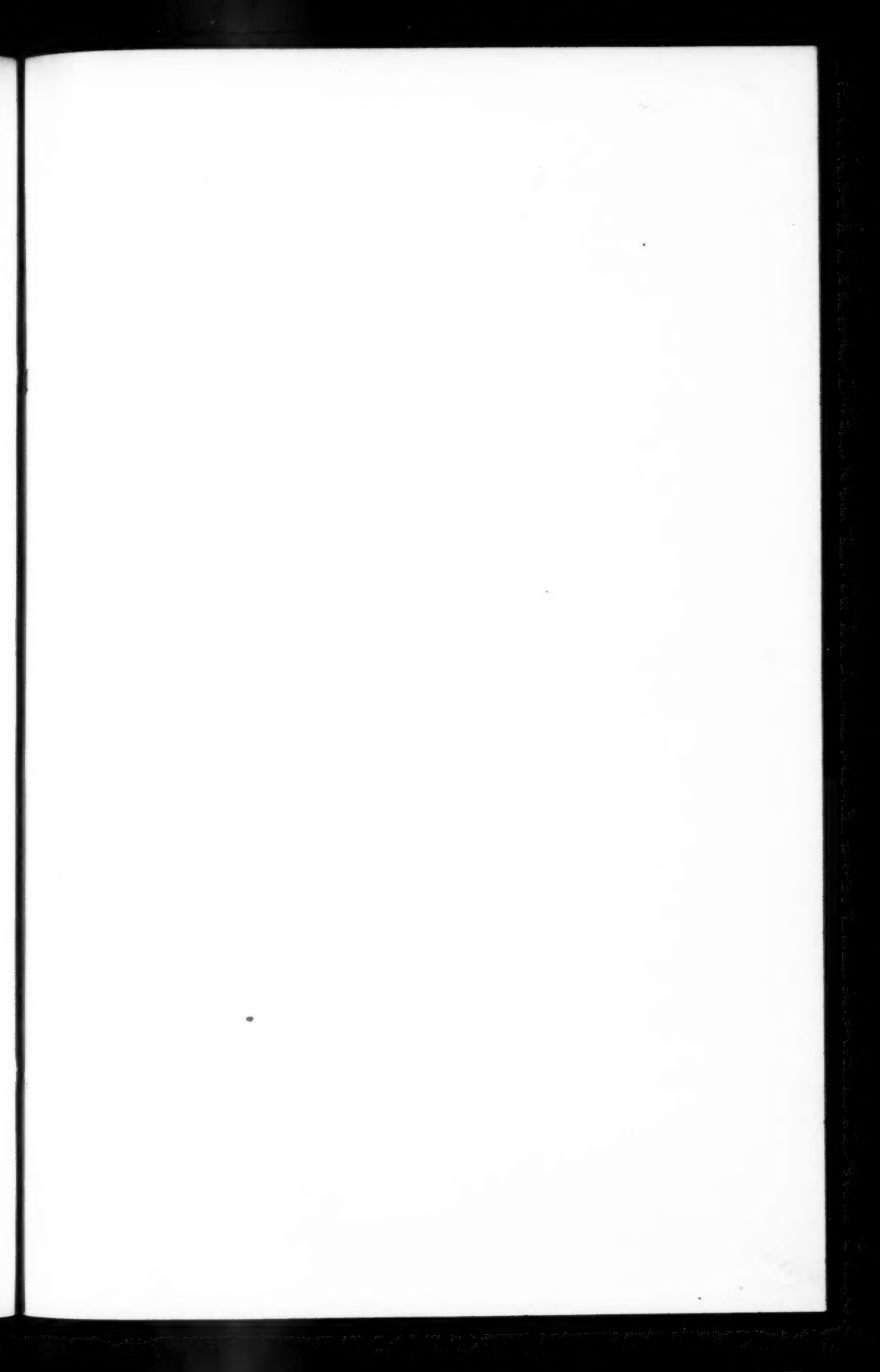
Douglas Campbell's book, *The Puritan in Holland, England, and America*, recently published by Harper & Brothers, has not only attracted much attention in this country, but is being received with very great favor abroad. One of the leading literary reviews in Holland, the *Dagblad*, published at the Hague, says: "Mr. Campbell has given us a lasting historical record whose significance will not be surpassed by any exhibit at the World's Columbian Exhibition. * * * No Dutch tongue can give our country's history in more eloquent language."

The *Academy* gives an interesting item of news, viz.: Mr. Thomas Hardy has recently given Mr. Wm. Strang a series of sittings for an etched portrait, the results being the most successful likeness yet done of this distinguished novelist. Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane have acquired the right of reproducing it in their promised work, *The Art of Thomas Hardy*, which Mr. Lionel Johnson has written for publication in the autumn. The American edition will be issued by Cassell & Co., New York.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Rural Legends (Poems) by Arthur E. Smith. John B. Alden, New York.

Plain People. A story of Western life, by Edward P. Branch. The Publishers' Printing Co., New York.





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1. BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF GENOA.
2. TERRAZZO DI MARMON (ESPLANADE).
3. CAMPO SANTO (GENOA BURIAL GROUND).